McKean County Miner.

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BRADFORD MURDER MYSTERY.

Mrs. Anna Barrackman Was the Mutilated Victim.

BODY FOUND IN HOUSE YESTERDAY.

It Had Lain There for About Two Weeks—Autopsy Revealed 11 Wounds on the Head.

—Mrs. Anna Barrackman, the proprietress of a resort at No. 3 Washington street, Bradford, was found dead in her home last evening. The discovery was made by the police between 5 and 6 o'clock, says this morning's Era.

The body was lying on its left side, in an almost nude condition, in the front parlor. Mortification had set in and the flesh was in an advanced state of putrefaction, being terribly disfigured and distorted.

The remains were at once removed to Koch's morgue, where an autopsy was performed last night by Coroner Hall and Dr. James Walker. In the autopsy it was revealed that the skull was fractured in 11 different places, five or six of the wounds penetrating the brain. Any of these wounds was sufficient to cause death. The nature of them would indicate that the murderous assailant was armed with an ice pick or a weapon of a similar nature.

Since the evening before Thanksgiving Day the woman had not been seen by her neighbors and her continued absence from view resulted in inquiries being made concerning her. On Wednesday a neighbor went to police headquarters and reported the matter to Chief Murray, and last evening a second person visited the chief and repeated the concern felt by the neighbors over the continued absence of the woman.

Chief Murray and Officer Blake went to the Barrackman house and gained entrance through the side door which was unlocked. The interior of the dwelling was dark. The place was filled with a horrible odor. By groping about for several minutes the corpse of Mrs. Barrackman was found in the front parlor. The bloated, blackened face of the corpse was covered by a counterpane from a bed. On the body was a gauze undershirt and on the feet were shoes and stockings. These articles constituted all the covering on the remains. The dead woman's clothing was hanging on a chair nearby. The hair and face were covered with blood, a pool of which had formed on the floor, under the head and shoulders.

The woman was known to possess a number of valuable jewels which are missing.

Coroner Hall has charge of the remains and an inquest will be held today. There seems to be no clue to the identity of the murderer

Michaels' Team Champions.

Geo. L. Michaels' bowling team of glass cutters defeated Lewis Marks' team Tuesday evening in the last of the series by a total of 35 pins, and therefore they now stand the champions of the cutters of the Smethport glass factory.

Some time ago the Smethport correspondent to the Pennsylvania Grit stated that Marks' team was the champions of all the glassworkers and wanted to meet any similar team in the mountain district. This was undoubtedly a pipe dream of the correspondent for at that time the games were even between these two teams and Michaels' team was slightly in the lead on total of pins.

Following is the score:

	1st	2nd	3rd	Tot.	Ave.
Michaels	114	121	142	377	125⅔
Cranmer	83	126	128	337	112⅓
Malcolm	156	181	145	432	144
J. Moore	186	143	163	492	164
B. Moore	194	151	178	523	174⅓
	733	672	756	2161	
Marks	121	142	122	385	128⅓
H. Hay	123	137	144	408	134⅓
J. Hay	108	98	113	319	106⅓
S. Moore	147	146	211	504	168
Johnson	148	179	188	515	172⅓
	646	404	778	2126	

Confirmation at St. Luke's.

Bishop Whitehead, accompanied by the Rev. Wm. S. Rafter, arrived in town on Saturday evening and were the guests of Rev. J. Heber McCandless. The Bishop officiated at all the services on Sunday, preaching two admirable sermons on the subject of the day, "The Holy Scriptures." There was a private confirmation in the afternoon, and a class of ten was confirmed in the evening. The Bishop also visited All Saints' Chapel in the afternoon, and made an address. It was a busy day for the Bishop, but one of delight to him as well as the people, as he greatly enjoys his visits to Smethport.

Wood and steel snow shovels and side walk scrapers at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Died.—On Friday, November 24, 1876, Hattie, daughter of Mr. Norman Wright, Barden Brook, Eldred, Pa., aged 13 years. The funeral took place on Sunday, the 26th, from the Union Church, where an excellent discourse suitable to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. S. D. Morris of State Line.

Sunday evening, Sept. 10, 1876, Mr. Frank N. Taylor and Miss Kate Freeman, eldest daughter of Dr. S. D. Freeman, all of this place, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride. The invited guests were few and select, comprising only relatives and intimate friends, and all unite in declaring it to be one of the most elegant weddings they ever attended. The wedding supper and the profuse floral decorations of the parlor and tables were the work of the hands and superior taste of the fond mother of the bride, which is sufficient assurance that they were surpassingly rich, tasteful and beautiful. The beauty of the bride was enhanced by the simple elegance of her dress, a rich brocade silk, with point lace trimmings the traditionary orange blossoms and veil, and a single diamond sparkling at her throat. The fine figure and manly beauty of the groom, attired in a man's everlasting dress suit of sombre hue, heightened the charms of the person and attire of the bride.

We heartily unite with the hosts of friends of the bride and groom in congratulating them upon the happy opening of this most important venture of their lives. With, on the one side, every attribute of womanly beauty, grace and loveliness, and on the other a generous and open heart, a perfect manhood, and a full determination and ability to earn success in the battle of life, there can be naught but happiness and prosperity in store for the young couple so auspiciously united. Such, at least, is our sincere wish.

Died.—In Norwich township, Sept. 16, 1876, of consumption, Mrs. Lydia A., wife of C. P. Rice, aged 34 years, 2 months and 1 day.

Miner-Martin.—At Port Allegany, Pa., on Saturday, September 16, 1876, at the residence of R. E. Whitley, by Rev. H. Q. Miller, Fannie W. Miner, adopted daughter of R. E. Whitley, to Wm. H. Martin of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The bridal party left on the 2:50 p. m. train on the same day upon an extended and pleasant tour to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Philadelphia and New York, occupying two weeks. The printers were kindly remembered with an elegant basket of flowers and a bountiful supply of wedding sweetmeats, in return for which the happy couple will please accept our thanks and best wishes for not only a pleasant and enjoyable wedding trip but a happy and prosperous life journey.

Miller-Keyes.—At the house of E. J. Palmiter, Eldred township, by Rev. G. T. Dennis, Mr. Nathan M. Miller of Centreville, N. Y., and Miss Mary E. Keyes of Eldred.

Work has commenced on the new telegraph line of the Western Union Co. between Titusville and Bradford via Warren and Kinzua. The wire is now being put upon the poles of the D., A. V. & P. railroad between Warren and Titusville, and the line will be finished during this month. There will then be a direct line between Bradford and Pittsburg via Titusville and Warren. [Nov. 1876]

Wolters-Keller.—In Port Allegany, Nov. 6, 1876, at the residence of Mr. Solomon Barrett, Esq., by Rev. J. W. Gamble, Mr. Charles H. Wolters of this place and Miss Flora A. Keller of Port Allegany.

Harry L. Wilson of Muncy is now clerking for Hamlin and Townsend at Clermont, in place of Will Specht, who is in the drug store of A. B. Armstrong.

A young man by the name of Frank Hussey and some girls were riding on a handcar on the Bradford & Pittsburg road, near Alton, a few nights ago and ran into a train standing on the track, throwing the car and its occupants several feet from the track. Young Hussey had his leg broken in two places and was otherwise seriously injured. The other parties were not seriously injured. The handcar was going down a steep grade at a high rate of speed, and it is surprising that all were not killed. Young Hussey is a resident of Keating township.

Hymenal.—Thursday morning at six o'clock G. A. Berry, Esq., and Miss Kate Parker of this village were married at the residence of T. J. Melvin, Rev. John A. Copeland, the new Methodist pastor, performed the ceremony and the bridal party, immediately left on the morning train for Philadelphia to witness the closing exercises of the great exposition. Only a few of the intimate friends of Mr. Berry and Miss Parker were present to witness the ceremony.—Bradford Era, Nov. 1876.

For Sale.

A span of bay horses, five years old, well broken, a good general purpose team. Will be sold for cash or on time with approved security.

D. C. YOUNG, Smethport, Pa.

B., B. & K. R. R. OPERATES TO BRADFORD

But no Longer Between Kane and Smethport.

ELISHA K. KANE SHOWS HIS HAND.

And Requires the Narrow Gauge to Cease Using the Big Level and Kinzua from Mt. Jewett to Ormsby Junction.

Traffic between Ormsby and Kane was interrupted Wednesday morning, when notice was given to the B., B. & K. railroad to cease operating the line of the Big Level and Kinzua which runs between Ormsby and Mt. Jewett. The line is owned by E. K. Kane and was leased from him July 1st, 1896, for one year, but has been operated ever since without a renewal of the lease. On November 1 Kane gave the B., B. & K. 30 days' notice to cease operating and to vacate.

The B., B. & K. railroad will continue to operate its own line between Bradford and Smethport on the schedule now in force and is now the only line running through trains to and fro in Smethport without change. They will also continue to operate the line between Kane and Mt. Jewett, which they have under lease from the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, until such time as it can be arranged to be turned over to that company—probably sometime within the next thirty days. The B., B. & K. railroad will run their trains on on this section of road to connect with B., R. & P. and P., S. & N. trains at Mt. Jewett.

It is not known just what disposition Mr. Kane intends making of his Big Level & Kinzua railroad, but in all probability the rails and other material will be gathered up and sold and the line abandoned. Mr. Kane has considered the line a competitor of his other road—The Kushequa Route—and desired to put it out of the way.

The sudden closing of the line will cause more or less inconvenience to the traveling public and to shippers until such time as they become accustomed to the new order of things, but we have also an advantage of having through trains and no long waits at Ormsby. This will make the B., B. & K. popular between Bradford and this place.

They Hiss the Villain.

The practice of hissing the villain in which a number of patrons of the Lyceum indulge may be all right. A person who pays his admission to a performance has the privilege of expressing his approval or disapproval of the entertainment if he does it in a manner that is not flagrantly annoying to the conservative portion of the audience.

Away back in the dark ages the villain's applause was supposed to consist of hisses and more or less vulgar comments from the gallery. Civilization has abolished this in a great measure and it is only when a very skillful actor so works upon the feelings of his audience that an expression of disapproval is almost involuntarily wrung from nervously impressed people, is hissing excusable.

The practice is carried to extremes in the Lyceum and the persons responsible would undoubtedly discontinue it if they knew the degree of disgust with which they are regarded by the sane portion of the audience.

By all means "cut out" the hissing.

Our Next Attraction.

An event of no small importance is the re-appearance of W. E. Nankeville's well known and highly appreciated melodramatic offering "Human Hearts," which will be shown here for the amusement of our theatregoers on Tuesday, Dec. 13.

The forthcoming presentation will be a notable one, from the fact that the company playing the piece this year will be the same in every particular that Mr. Nankeville will send to Europe next June. Our theatregoers will therefore have the opportunity to see the play, production and company prior to their London appearance.

Scarlet Fever at Crosby.

Dr. Ostrander reports that he is treating three cases of scarlet fever at Crosby. Every precaution is being taken to prevent a spread of the dread disease and it is said that people in authority are hopeful of confining the disease to the patients now afflicted. The patients are in as comfortable a condition as could be expected and no fatal results are feared at this writing.

While Sleighing is With Us.

Don't forget that E. T. Daly has a first-class line of cutters and sleighs and a few of the celebrated Waterloo cutters which he will sell at reasonable prices. Also ten sets of Michigan lumber sleighs at $40 per set, cash.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

Sold a Turkey.

Saturday evening a well-known glassworker strolled into a barber shop in this place, carrying that which appeared to be a large fat turkey. He loitered around for a minute or two as if debating on waiting his turn and started out. The knight of the razor by way of starting a conversation to hold his customer asked him what he would take for the turkey, and he replied by asking what he would give. Not really caring for so large a bird for a small family the barber offered forty cents and when his offer was verbally accepted tendered the money and his surprise was great when said glassworker took the coin and laid down the bird.

It did not take a very close examination to prove that the tonsorial artist had been swindled and after the customers had enjoyed a hearty joke the barber set his mind to work to get even. As soon as he closed his shop he dropped into the hotel in the block and after a few casual remarks, told the clerk that he had got a bargain on a big turkey and as it was too large for his family he would sell it at a bargain. The turkey was brought in and a deal was made but just as the goods were being transferred the head of the turkey fell off and its body commenced to leak sawdust, which of course queered the deal.

The bird was returned to the tonsorial parlor where it was again prepared for market and shortly after sunrise Sunday Mandy negotiated the bird to the proprietor of this same tavern and we have been informed that if Joe ever drops into the Grand Central for a meal he will find nothing on his bill of fare but Antique Turkey, a la Sawdust Stuffing with Paper Sauce.

"Human Hearts."

With all the hue and cry about the immorality of the stage, certain plays of the type of "The Old Homestead," "Shore Acres," "Human Hearts," etc., continue to grow in popularity. Instead of receiving adverse criticisms from the pulpit the management of "Human Hearts" continually receive letters from the leading clergymen throughout the country, praising it for its heart interest and the beautiful moral story it tells, making an evening well spent for all who see it. The old adage that "a good man should marry none but a good woman" was never more truly illustrated in fiction than in "Human Hearts." No dramatic author has ever given to the stage a more idyllic character than Tom Logan, a big, wholesouled son of the soil, one of "nature's own noblemen," who has fallen into the snare of a city adventuress and is only saved from ruin and destruction through the prayers of a loving mother, a little child, and the love of a pure, innocent girl, the sweetheart of his boyhood days. "Human Hearts" will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening. Prices, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

E. R. Pickard Released.

E. R. Pickard, who has been serving out a sentence in the county jail for conducting a lottery in Bradford in connection with a tea store, was released from jail Monday morning, he having served his term and paid his fine in full, the fine and costs amounting to $807.18.

Ever since Pickard has been lodged in jail he has been making strenuous efforts to get his fine reduced by pleading poverty, old age, etc., but Judge Bonton seemed to be pretty well aware of the fact that Pickard had swindled the people of Bradford and vicinity out of many hundreds of dollars and insisted on his remaining in jail until the fine was paid in full. And when he discovered that McKean county justice had no bargain days in his case he was not long raising the necessary money. It is not likely that he will attempt to operate any more "tea stores" in this county where his record is so well-known.

The Tale of a Cow.

Justice "Ike" Gleason, who is also tax collector, recently attached a cow belonging to a citizen, who had not paid his taxes. After attaching the cow he attached a rope to her horns and started to place her under the care of the constable.

About this time the cow suddenly became attached to her companion and led him a merry romp about the streets greatly to the disarrangement of his judicial dignity. Finally the frisky animal was hitched to the rear of a dray and towed to a place of detention.

The taxes in the matter were immediately paid and the cow released from custody, but that does not prevent Mr. Gleason's many friends from making alleged facetious and humorous remarks about his thrilling experience in the discharge of his duty while arresting a cow.

Wanted.

A good tenant to work a dairy farm on shares. One who understands taking care of cows. Milk sent to creamery. Lease to commence March 1, 1905. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

LAMPHERE AWARDED DAMAGES.

By a Recent Decision of Courts He is Entitled to $13,666.

BOTH FEET CUT OFF AT ANKLE.

Being Struck by a Low Bridge at Mt. Jewett While in the Employ of the P., S. & N. Railroad.

Joseph R. Lamphere of Hornellsville, N. Y., has been awarded damages amounting to $13,666 against the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad by the Pittsburg courts.

Lamphere was employed as a brakeman on the road between Larabee and Mt. Jewett. On June 17, 1903, he was knocked from the top of a box car by the low bridge between the Mt. Jewett station and Main street crossing. He struck partially upon the track and both feet were so badly injured that amputation at the ankles was necessary. The operation was performed at the Bradford hospital.

Upon his recovery Mr. Lamphere instituted proceedings against the railroad company for damages, as according to law "tell tales" must be placed at a certain distance on either side of a low bridge. These "tell tales" consist of a line of ropes suspended over the track which in swinging strike the person of a trainman riding upon the top of the bridge he is approaching. The claim that there were no "tell tales" in the neighborhood of this bridge does not seem to be disputed.

The case has been in the courts for over a year and has attracted much attention among the railroad men all over the country. It is reported that the railroad company will carry the case to the supreme court.

Will Remove to India.

Dr. C. A. Flower of Kittanning, recently returned from the Fair at St. Louis. While there he was made the recipient of about $10,000 in presents.

He has also promised to remove to India within a year to become private physician to Rajah Tipe Sahib, a dignitary of whose existence Dr. Flower was in complete ignorance until some days ago, when he was confronted with the Rajah's courier in St. Louis.

Eleven years ago, while at Chicago attending the World's Fair, Dr. Flower was instrumental in saving the foot of a young foreigner who had been tramped on by a camel. The lad, who appeared to be a Hindoo, pressed on the physician a peculiar medal and took in exchange the physician's card.

Some weeks ago Dr. Flower was sent a copy of a western paper in which his name was mentioned. Would he call at the Indian Embassy at St. Louis, bringing with him medal which had been given him for service at Chicago in 1893 by a young native of India? The doctor hunted up his medal and hurried to St. Louis, the advertisement reading that he should be there before November 22d.

The Kittanning physician was at once handed presents from the new Rajah Tipe Sahib, whom it seems, was the lad whose foot he had saved at Chicago. The India dignitary hoped that the American doctor would accept his poor presents and would come to India to live as his private physician. Dr. Flower will go to India April 1st.—Indiana Times.

Electric Locomotive.

The most powerful electric locomotive in the world has just been completed for the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in the shops of the General Electric Company and the American Locomotive Works at Schenectady, N. Y.

This locomotive is one of between thirty and fifty which will be used by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company for hauling the through passenger trains within its Electrical Zone from Grand Central Station through the Park avenue tunnel to Croton on the main line, a distance of thirty-four miles, and to White Plains on the Harlem Division, a distance of twenty-four miles.

This will be the heaviest steam railway passenger service which has ever been handled by electric locomotives. With one of these locomotives trains of ten or more cars will be hauled at express speed of sixty to seventy miles per hour, and the design and method of control are such that two or more locomotives can be coupled together and operated by a single engineer from the leading cab, so that the size of the train that may be under the control of one engineer is practically unlimited so far as the question of motive power.

I will buy all kinds of junk, rags, old rubbers, old iron, old rope, etc., paying the highest cash prices for same. Call on or address J. ODESSER, at Hackett house, East Street, Smethport, Pa.

Our State's Slain Deer.

Hunters in seventeen counties of Pennsylvania killed 359 deer in the season, which closed Wednesday, according to the reports gathered from the hunting districts by the North American. This is the largest number slain for many years, and the result places the State among the first in the Union for deer hunting.

In the same period 181 bears were killed and two deer huntsmen lost their lives.

Woodsmen attribute the abundance of deer this season chiefly to the protection that has been given them by the law limiting the season to November and preventing the running of them by dogs. Another factor, which helped the deer, is the fact that the hunters were handicapped in the chase by the thick undergrowth, which in many counties has overgrown timber land. Bears are not protected by the law.

Centre county leads the State in point of the number of deer killed, 128 having fallen there within thirty days. Gunners returning to Bellefonte report that deer have never been so abundant as this year. Twenty-five bears fell in that county.

Clinton county is second with 125 deer slain and thirty bears. Because of the amazing increase in the number of wildcats, which prey upon the deer, this season has not been as successful as last.

Statistics for the month from the other counties are: Clearfield, 60 deer, 1 bear; Cameron, 18 deer, 5 bears; Juniata, 3 bears; Potter, 10 deer, 12 bears; Fulton, 27 deer, 3 bears; Bedford, 12 deer; Bradford, 4 bears; Mifflin, 8 deer, 12 bears; Pike, 100 deer, 25 bears; Jefferson, 12 deer; Cumberland, 35 deer; Franklin, 15 deer; Wyoming, 5 deer, 4 bears; Columbia and Union, 11 deer and 7 bears.

Of the two fatalities reported, one occurred in Fulton county, where Harry Kauffman of Lancaster, was killed by the accidental discharge of his shotgun, and the other in Clearfield county, where William Brown was killed by a stray bullet.

Race War in School.

An Allegheny, Pa., dispatch says: A race war is threatened in the high school here. Two young women of the school have refused to study or associate with a negro classmate and they are told they must apologize to every one or be expelled. The parents threaten serious things if the girls are expelled.

Mary and Jeanette Young, daughters of Abe Young, a wealthy man of Allegheny city, some days ago were ordered to do some work in conjunction with Jean Hamilton, the only negro girl in the school and one of the brightest. The Misses Young refused, saying they would not study in company with a negro girl.

Miss Lang, head of the school, said: "Race prejudice will not be tolerated here. The Misses Young will do as I say and will promise publicly to obey or they must leave the school."

Notice.

The B., B. & K. R. R., having abandoned the line between Ormsby Junction and Mt. Jewett, through passenger service between Smethport and Bradford has been inaugurated.

That portion of the narrow gauge line between Mt. Jewett and Kane will hereafter be operated by the B. & O. R. R., connecting at Mt. Jewett with the P., S. & N. R. R. and the B., R. & P. Ry.

The B., B. & K. is the only road running trains directly through to Bradford without change of cars. Commencing Sunday we will have a train leaving here at 8:30 a. m. Sunday and leaving Bradford at 4:10 p. m.

All trains will arrive and depart on schedule time and the general service will be greatly improved.

A new time table will come into effect in a few days.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 8, 1904:

Raymond E. Carmichael, R. A. Gage, Parker Howard, Ed. Harter, Wm. McCracken. Foreign—Gerardo Sabbarese.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Since the discovery of Parker's Lucky Curve Fountain Pen it is astonishing how many we sell for holiday gifts. Every one given a written guarantee. A whole show case full from the cheap to the finest made. Look at them in McCoy's Drug Store.

You should see our swell line of Argentine silverware. Makes a most acceptable Christmas gift.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

The finest line of boys' and girls' steel and wood sleds and skates in town.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

A Christmas Deception

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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THE sea fog rolled in through the Golden Gate, and with its coming the short lived dusk of Christmas day melted into the chill blackness of Christmas night—a raw, muddy, piercing night; a coughing, nose blowing, buttoned up night, when it was good to roast before a fire and share something hot with a friend; to muse in the sad, kindly fashion we all must, if we be old enough and fortunate enough to have shared the common lot on the Christmases of long ago and the old faces now gone forever. All San Francisco was making ready for its Christmas dinner, and countless happy children were watching the slow clock hands as they solemnly toiled toward the hour for turkey and mince pie. In the lowest dives, in the squalidest alleys, in the poorhouse, in the city lock ups, even across the bay in grim San Quentin itself, in every nook and cranny of the great and tumbled city, the sound of mirth and the steam of Christmas dinner rose in the foggy air. Thanks to its generous citizens, to its innumerable charities, to the Salvation Army and the newspapers that took up the cause of the poor children, few indeed would go hungry to bed that night.

But there were two at least—two so proud, so backward, so shrinking from the very notion of charity, that none had called them to the feast, not even those red coated fighters for God to whom there is little bid in San Francisco. A pinched, hollow cheeked pair on the city front shivered miserably on the brink of the dock, perhaps on the brink of another world, listening with dreadful intentness and minds half made up to the ebbing black water below. The dismal light showed to each that he was not alone and that his companion was regarding him with suspicious, furtive glances. At last one of them spoke, a tall, thin man in ragged working clothes worn to the last thread, his neck tied up in an old handkerchief.

"Say," he said, edging up to the other with a menacing air, "I guess you've no call to stay there, my boy. Why don't you make tracks, why don't you go and gobble turkey like a respectable citizen instead of loafing around here to the annoyance of the poor and lowly? Mayn't a miserable, starving devil have as much as the pleasure of his own company Christmas night? I pre-empted this place," he continued, pressing up a little closer, "and I'll just trouble you to move off of it."

The other drew back, a shrunken, spectacled creature in the battered black of a bookkeeper or a merchant's clerk in distress.

"Go away," he said, with a mirthless laugh. "Yes, I shall go away. I shall not trouble you for long. I am sure I beg a thousand pardons if I have caused you inconvenience, but the fact is I should have already done it if I hadn't taken you for a night watchman." And he made a gesture toward the water.

"Great Scott!" cried the other. "Was you a-going to do that? Why, look a-here! That's my road, too, mister, and I took it that you were standing me off."

"We will go together," said the man in spectacles, peering over the dock and hearkening to the dull ripple of the water below. "It's a hard lot to die hungry, let alone it being Christmas night, of all days in the year. Wish I could see the water, though. I might smash myself on a boat or a floating log."

"WHEN WE GO WE SHALL GO TOGETHER."

"There's the steps to be sure," said the tall man. "But it ain't in human nature to walk off the steps. Something inside of you keeps saying, 'Look out, old man, or you'll fall in and be drownded.' Anyway, a man ain't himself when his stomach's gnawing at him. Say," he went on, "it does me good to find another feller in the same fix. Gee-s-s, it was only poor ole Joe Keyser—that's me, mister—that was keeping you out of the bay. And all the blame while you was a-keeping me out."

"I didn't know there was anybody in San Francisco as miserable or dead beat as I," said the man in spectacles. "But the bay is big enough for two, friend Joe. Many's the honest heart and kind that's gone the road we're to follow, and none ever complained that I heard of. Be a man, Joe. Grip hands and let us drop together."

Joe shrank from the edge a little quickly for a man on the point of suicide. "See here," he said. "I don't know that I feel so keen about it as I did just now. The bay's always here, I guess."

"I suppose you're like me," said the man in spectacles. "Not a red cent in the world."

"Three days ago I blew in my last nickel," said Joe; "the very last nickel I'm ever likely to touch. You see, I never had no chances when I was a kid. I was raised in the silly, old fashioned way—taught to be honest and tell the truth and not to cinch the widow and orphan. Say, old feller, for men in our fix it's the bay or San Quentin, and I guess we've made the right choice."

"And I," said his companion—"I could kill a man for a loaf of bread. I could fight a dog for the dirty crust of one. I thought tonight of taking a paving stone and holding up the beanery over there. Yet I'm so weak and trembling that a girl could knock me over. Good-by, Joe," he added swiftly. "You're a fool to stay. I'm off."

Joe seized the slight figure in his powerful grasp. "No, no!" he cried. "When we go we shall go together."

The man struggled for a moment and then fell to crying on Joe's shoulder like a child.

"Brace up, ole man," said Joe, chafing the icy hands. "We will come out all right. It's Christmas night, and somewhere or other I'll bet there's a spread even for the likes of us."

His companion slowly began to come round. He shook himself free from Joe and stood up.

"Have you any bounce left in you?" asked Joe. "Would you go to a turkey dinner if I got you an invite?"

"What do you mean?"

"I will a tale unfold," said Joe. "I was walking down Market behind some folks, and somehow, I hardly know how, I got listening to what they were talking of. Says one: 'Sad about Mrs. Gleeson, ain't it? Never heard from her son Irving in Alaskar, not for two years.' 'It's her only son,' says the other. 'Harry got killed in New Mexico. Where's the ole lady living now?' says one. 'Oh, she's at 2719 Banning,' says the other. No. 2719 was the number of my girl's home east, and it stuck to me. Now, see here, partner, have you the gall to come with me and fetch the ole woman some news from Alaskar? I saw on the bulletin that the Portland was expected every minute from St. Michael's. What say?"

"Leave me alone," said the other. "Can't you see I'm done and only want to die?"

"Never say die!" cried Joe. "Brace up, ole man, for we're going to tramp from Klondike to 2719 Banning street, and as for this packetful of rocks, which I guessed would help me drown, I'll just leave 'em as a pleasant surprise for the harbor commissioners." And with that Joe unloaded his pockets of round metal and passed his arm through that of his unresisting companion.

"What's your name, partner?" asked Joe.

The other hesitated. "There's no reason why I should be ashamed to tell you," he said at last. "It's Sampson Lyle."

"All right, Sampson," said Joe. "Just keep your mind on that dinner, for, by gum, we're going to have it!"

Weak and famished as they were, it was slow work to struggle all the way to Banning street, and Sampson Lyle gave out repeatedly. Again and again he rested on some dark doorstep, while Joe stood over him and heartened him to fresh exertions. At last they began to draw near the block for which they were searching, a long row of cheap one story frame houses facing a stone yard full of unlettered tombstones. Joe stepped up to 2719 and knocked loudly at the door.

It was opened by an old woman with a lamp in her hand who barred the door aggressively with her bent and slender figure. She studied the pair with prim disfavor. "What do you want?" she asked sharply.

For one instant Joe was taken aback. He said not a word. The woman lowered the lamp and made a motion as though to slam the door in their faces.

"Hold on!" cried Joe. "Ain't you Mrs.—Gleeson? Ain't you Irving's maw?"

The old woman turned white as a sheet and the lamp began to shake in her withered hands.

"The Portland's just in," went on Joe. "Irving said we were to scoot for you first thing."

The old woman seized Joe by the arm. "Take the lamp; take it before it drops! Oh, my boy, my boy!" she gasped, staring into the darkness.

"That's Sampson Lyle," said Joe.

"Oh, come in, come in, both of you!" cried the old woman, recovering herself a little, her sallow face flushing and paling. "Oh, what a Christmas night for me, my poor, wet boys!"

Still holding Joe's arm as though she could not bear to let him go, Mrs. Gleeson led him, and poor, shabby Sampson into the warm, well lit parlor. It was a bare, little room, sparsely furnished and betraying in half a hundred ways the pinch of decent poverty. But to our brace of heroes it was a palace indeed, now come as they were from the wintry street and a fog no icier than their own frozen hearts. Their wolfish eyes could take in nothing but the table ready spread for dinner, the turkey so brown and fat, showing the black stitching that kept in the stuffing; the cranberry sauce crimson and alluring, like a woman's lips, and the batch of fragrant mince pies.

A wide eyed little girl of eight or nine burst in from the kitchen and met the strangers with an excited stare.

"Oh, Maisie," cried the old woman, "we've heard from him at last! These are your father's friends from Klondike, who have just arrived on the Portland."

Joe flashed a glance at the chilling dinner. "Oh, ma'am," he cried, "we're famishing! You don't know how they starved us on that steamer."

"Oh, you poor boys!" exclaimed the old woman. "Maisie, get more plates."

"I can't tell you what this means to us, ma'am," said Joe as he drew up his chair and eyed the viands.

"Maisie," said the old woman as she sliced at the turkey, "get the demijohn of claret and the half box of cigars that your father forgot. I tell you, Mr. Joe, many's the time I've cried over that box of cigars. Land's sake, sir, what ails your friend?"

Joe looked up. Sampson—thin, overwrought, shaking Sampson—had laid his face in both his hands and with a heaving breast was crying like a child. Of a sudden he rose to his feet and stood unsteadily, grasping the back of the chair in his thin, shewy hands.

"Madam," he said, "we cannot eat your dinner; the food chokes in my throat. Madam, we are impostors, cheats, the cruelest of liars. We never saw Alaskar in our lives, nor your son. We are two starving men who meant to end our lives tonight in the bay. If

"IT'S PAPA, IT'S PAPA!"

you could spare us so much as a loaf of bread we will go away and trouble you no more."

The old woman sat stunned and speechless, wildly looking up at him and from him to Joe.

Joe shuffled to his feet. "It's my doing, every bit!" he cried out. "I feel ashamed to live. You may bet your sweet life on that, ma'am."

Sampson Lyle made toward the door, his friend mournfully following behind, drooping, limp and dejected, like a beaten dog.

The child watched them go with fierce pity. "Oh, grandma," she cried, running to the old woman in a whirl of childish sorrow and commiseration, "call them back, grandma! Please, grandma! Oh, remember God, grandma, and what St. Christopher did when poor Christ came."

"Call them back, my darling," whispered the old woman.

But as the little girl impetuously dragged them back to the table, forcing them to sit down again before their untasted food, there came a tremendous rat-a-tat-tat on the front door, followed by a succession of smashing blows.

"It's very sad to live in a tough neighborhood," said Maisie, laying down her knife and fork. "Some of the people on this street are very hard-cracksies."

"I guess I'll tackle that hard cracker myself," said Joe, jumping to his feet with a dauntless light in his eye. As he threw open the door he was confronted by a big, fierce looking man in a fur overcoat with a heavy cudgel in one hand and Mr. Gleeson in the other.

"Does Mrs. Gleeson live here?" asked the stranger civilly.

Joe was beginning to say something about punching his ugly head and when little Maisie slipped past his legs and threw herself into the man's arms.

"It's papa! It's papa!" she cried. "Don't hit him, Mr. Joe! It's papa home from Klondike!"

Joe covered his embarrassment by taking the Klondiker's grip and following him into the parlor just in time to see the greeting between mother and son. Sampson Lyle was still sitting in his chair, not a little dazed at the turn of events.

"I've just come down in the Portland," said Irving, ridding himself of his fur coat. "And, mother, I've come back with a pile. Perhaps it ain't the biggest on El Dorado, but it's big enough to fix us for life. My two partners are taking out $200 a day. And as for you, my sweet darling," he said, turning to Maisie, "there's nothing in this city you shan't have for the asking."

"Papa," said the little girl, "listen, papa." And she began to whisper in his sunburned ear.

When she had done he sat silent for a moment, his frank, kindly eyes suffused in tears.

"Boys," he said, addressing our two waifs, "my little girl has told me your story. She has told me what you tried to do and yet what you couldn't do, being men with your hearts in your bosoms. Let me ask you tonight to spend Christmas with the happiest man in all San Francisco and to accept each of you as a present from little Maisie $100 for a fresh start in life. Boys—friends, may I say?—you need not be backward in accepting it, for I tell you I've got back from Klondike with my pocket full of rocks."

TO GET THE "SACK."

Its Equivalent In Olden Times Was to Get the "Canvas."

Canvas, called by Chaucer canevas, is a closely woven heavy cloth of hemp or flax, used for any purpose for which strength and durability are required, such as sailcloth or fabrics used for oil paintings, tapestry or embroidery. Its name is derived from the Latin cannabis, hemp, the material from which it is manufactured.

"To give one the canvas," or "to receive the canvas," was the old phrase equivalent to the modern "to give one the sack," or "to get the sack," in allusion to the canvas tool bags carried by mechanics of that day.

In such a phrase as "to canvass the neighborhood," the word canvass, in which the "s" is doubled, comes from the French canabasser, to sift as through canvas, and literally means to sift the neighborhood, to solicit votes or interest, by separating supporters from opponents.

Forbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone.—Shakespeare.

IN THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

Facts Which Show How Much Better Off We Are Today.

Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected president in the previous November.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table, "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock if the weather is fair."

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a courtroom first proved its real worth.

In England, some centuries ago, if an ordinary workman without permission moved from one parish to another in search of work or better wages he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected president of the United States, on Feb. 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a presidential election to the whole civilized world.

When, in 1800, Richard Trevithick uttered the following words there were many who considered him an insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on railways as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that as the old driver jogged along he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stageconches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon at the height of his power could not command our everyday conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, daily newspapers, magazines and a thousand other blessings which are now part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia in 1803 the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.—Success.

Magnetic Effects of Lightning.

The magnetic effects produced by lightning are often very curious. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks and other cutlery was not many years ago struck in the house of a London tradesman and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago, in his "Meteorological Essays," speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated to his indescribable annoyance. "He had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pinchers and knife from his nails, needles and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench."

The same authority knew of a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning among the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing toward the north when, as a matter of fact, he was steering due south.—Chambers' Journal.

A Very Old Tune.

An interesting anecdote is told of the old tune to which a well known song is now sung. The story runs that when the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt in 1799 the camp for awhile was near the pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing and the natives of the desert had collected and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up a tune which we now hear under the name of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Instantly there were the wildest demonstrations of joy among the Egyptians. They embraced each other and shouted and danced in the delirium of their pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of their people. The tune had been taken to Europe from Africa in the eleventh century and had lived separately in both countries for over 700 years.

Smoking and Eyesight.

Smoking to excess leads to some of the most serious diseases to which our eyes are subject. One of the mildest of these has color blindness as a result, and it may be traced by the fact that those suffering from it gradually cease to recognize varying tints until they can make out blue only. At last, if the disease is unchecked, they lose perception of that color also.

Tobacco "amblyopia" is a further development of the same trouble, in which the sufferer ceases to distinguish form as well as color, and excessive smokers of heavy black twist are peculiarly susceptible to this. Sailors smoke such twist largely, and its use has even been held to account for collisions at sea, because the lookout men were under its influence. Persistence in this habit may lead to total blindness.

Worried.

"Why, dear," said the poet's wife after the acceptance of his first poem by a magazine, "what is the matter? You seem to be awfully downcast."

"Yes," he sadly replied. "I am. I'm worried about our child. The sons of great men seem to have such a poor chance to turn out well, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

EAST INDIAN METHODS.

A Servant's Subtle but Unsuccessful Scheme For Revenge.

A trade journal tells a story of an adventure which nearly cost one of its correspondents in India his life. The Indian merchant was a wealthy man who had got on well with the natives, but two of his servants had had a quarrel over a girl whom they both wooed. The merchant interfered in the fight. The unsuccessful suitor, Laj, began to make trouble, and his rival, the husband, warned the merchant against him. Nothing happened for some months. Then the merchant went away on business. On his return he was told that Laj had been caught in his bedroom and locked up.

In the east this meant trouble. The merchant called his servants and had a thorough search made of the house. They examined every trunk, bureau and bedstead, every picture, statue and crevice in the wall and crack in the floor, expecting to find a hooded cobra or other poisonous reptile. They scrutinized every knob, handle and garment to see if it had been smeared with poison or with juices which attracted venomous creatures. Then they searched the wine cellar, the pantry and the storeroom. But they found nothing.

The merchant was tired and after eating went to the cabinet where he kept his cigars. It was a large case of teak and plate glass, with an old fashioned silver Indian lock.

As he was about to insert the key in the keyhole Laj's successful rival, who had been active in the search, cried, "Look out, sahib; some one has been meddling with that lock!"

They examined the keyhole and found traces of wax. When they opened the case the merchant found everything apparently untouched. Five boxes of cigars were unopened. He had opened the sixth before he went away and removed a few cigars. As he took this box up he noticed on it the marks of fingers.

The cigars looked as if they had not been disturbed. He was about to take one when he noticed that something was wrong with the head. A second and a third were like the first. In each a small, almost imperceptible rose thorn had been inserted, and on it was a dab of brown slime still moist the same color as the cigar.

"Do not touch them, sahib," said the Indian. "They are poisoned."

The merchant sat down and wrote a note to the police. In half an hour an officer appeared with Laj under guard. The merchant stated the case to the officer and, taking one of the cigars, handed it to Laj, with the command, "Take it and smoke it."

The man turned gray and refused. His guilt was proved.

An Epicure In Condiment.

It was in the dining room of a country hotel, the Chicago Record-Herald says, and the brisk waitress held a glass pitcher above some steaming buckwheat cakes she had placed before the guest from town.

"Sir?" she asked.

"If you please."

"Will you have it raound and raound or in a puddle?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Raound and raound or in a puddle?"

"I—I in a puddle, I think."

The golden stream began its sticky descent on the center of the cakes, and as she poured the waitress included the guest and her work in one friendly contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it raound and raound, but I like it best in a puddle myself," she said graciously, as she shut off the stream of syrup with a dexterous turn of her wrist.

A Nest of Criminals.

A spot practically unknown to civilization on the shores of the Red sea at Midi is the home of pirates and slavers, a regular nest of criminals. The place is inhabited almost entirely by men, for the sheik who holds absolute control there allows only the best of his warriors to marry. It pays no tribute to the Turkish government, for it lies at the end of a long, narrow harbor inaccessible to vessels. It seems probable that it will continue its career unchecked.

Vocation and Avocation.

"Uncle Ephraim, what do you do for a living?"

"I preaches an' I raises punkins, boss."

"Which pays you the better?"

"Well, o' co'se, I gits mo' money out'n de punkins, but I gits 'nuff distinction out'n de preachin' to make up de diff'unce, boss."—Chicago Tribune.

Plain Everyday Fellow.

"I am really and sincerely proud of the common people," said Mr. Pompus. "I am fond of the plain everyday fellow who can never hope to be great. Call it quixotism, if you wish"—

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," interrupted Pepprey. "I'd call it spotism."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Discovery.

"Your trouble, madam," said the physician, "seems to be due to an excess of adipose tissue."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton. "I wonder if that isn't what makes me so awfully fat?"—Chicago News.

His Safeguard.

Wife—Oh, John, you've been playing poker again. You'll become a professional gambler if you keep on this way. John (disgustedly)—No fear of that. I'm a rank amateur.—Philadelphia Press.

People who are always measuring their heads for their crowns seldom can show any cross scars on their shoulders.—Commoner.

THREE DOLLARS BETTER THAN THOUSANDS.

"Thousands of dollars have I paid out to doctors during my life and I don't complain of the doctors; but Dr. Kennedy's new medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, beats them all. Three bottles of it cured me last spring of heart trouble and terrible pains in the side, back and head. Am better than for thirty years."—H. J. Brandow, Jewett Centre, N. Y.

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Also a new stock of
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How to Help Your Girls.

The anxious mother of the family often times carries the whole burden of responsibility so far as the home medication of common ailments of the girls or boys are concerned. The cost of the doctor's visits is very often too great for consideration. At such times the mother is invited to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advise, which is given free. Correspondence is held strictly confidential.

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WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of ..... which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets instead of any other laxative.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 8, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Buy your holiday gifts early.

—Mt. Jewett has organized a hose company.

—In his new ad Wm. Monheimer points the way to the right Xmas gifts.

—An interesting holiday advertisement for Bell Brothers, Olean, appears in this issue.

—Seventy-one arrests were made by the Bradford police in November and 21 men were given lodging.

—The oldest drug store in the county advertises the newest and best of fine goods for Christmas. See Hogarth's change of ad.

—Port Allegany is having another epidemic of scarlet fever. A dozen children are victims of the disease but none are in a serious condition.

—Holiday goods are advertised by Fry & Comes this week. They have many handsome gifts for men and women and plenty of toys for the children.

—V. Klappenbach, better known as "Bismarck," who resided in Smethport a number of years ago, but for the past few years made Port Allegany his home, has moved to Olean.

—On the last page will be found the large piano advertisement of Deuton, Cottier & Daniels of Buffalo. This firm has been in the piano business since 1827 and every instrument is just as represented.

—After spending more than forty years in active service Rev. S. T. Dean former pastor of the Baptist church here, has retired from the ministry. Rev. and Mrs. Dean now reside at Weston's Mills, N. Y.—Port Allegany Argus.

—McKean county is to have county fair grounds and Smethport and Port Allegany are each striving for the location. To an outsider it would seem that on account of its central location and ease of access Smethport should be selected.—Austin Republican.

—Peter Nissen, an inventor and navigator, tried to cross Lake Michigan from Chicago last week in a frail boat of his own invention, was drowned and his body was found on Thursday. The boat was facetiously named "Fool Killer No. 8," by its inventor, being the third "freak" craft which he had used in making various foolhardy cruises.

—The police now think the man who was murdered in the mountains near Shamokin, Pa. and whose head was severed, was the victim of the Black Hand society, a branch of which is thought to exist in the coal regions. Dr. Meek today identified the head as that of an Italian whose name he did not remember but to whom he gave medical aid recently. Italians who saw the head did not recognize the face.

—In washing glassware beware of placing it in hot water bottom down, for that is the time that an ominous sound will tell of a crack from sudden expansion. Very hot water will not hurt any piece of glassware if only the inside as well as the outside comes into contact with the water.—Coudersport Enterprise. We had hoped John Mundy, after marriage, would have nothing more to do with glassware and hot stuff.

—Messrs. Fred and Charlie Caskey and Aaron Coleman and Fred Cady were out deer stalking Wednesday, the last day of the season, and were lucky enough to bring in two fine deer, a mother and fawn. They were nice ones, fat and sleek, and were captured on the Healy tract west of Liberty. The boys feel proud of their catch. The Healy's tract is a good hunting ground, and deer, bears and wildcats abound.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—As the story goes, Samuel Glassmire would have killed a deer at Watrons Monday, had he not had an attack of "buck fever." According to the report of those who were with him, a deer passed a short distance from him and he banged away once wounding the animal, and while he was vainly looking for his shells (which were on the ground before him) he lost a second shot. Sam followed the wounded deer for some hours but was unable to get him.—Coudersport Enterprise.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old-fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. C. Wells.

An Astute Blind Man.

A blind man possessed $500 and, fearing that somebody might steal it, he buried his treasure in a corner of his garden. A neighbor saw him at his work and in the night stole his money. The blind man on discovering his loss and suspecting his neighbor went to him and said: "My infirmity renders me diffident, and few are the persons whom I can trust. You are one of those few, and I have come to tell you a secret and to ask your advice. I am the possessor of $1,000 in gold. I have hidden half of it in a place which I believe to be secure. Do you think I would do well to put the other half in the same place?" "Yes, by all means," replied his neighbor. "Were I in your place I would do the same. There is no knowing what may happen if you keep your money in your house." Having given his advice, the thief, hoping to get the rest of the blind man's money, hastened to replace the half he had stolen, and thus the astute blind man recovered his property.

A Fall and a Lesson.

An English gentleman traveling some years ago in Ireland took a hammer and tacks along with him because he found dog's eared carpets at all the inns where he rested. At one of these inns he tacked down the carpet, which, as usual, was loose near the door, and soon afterward rang the bell for his dinner. While the carpet was loose the door could not be opened without a hard push, so when the waiter came up he just unlatched the door; then, going back a couple of yards, he rushed against it as his habit was, with a sudden spring to force it open. But the wrinkles of the carpet were no longer there to stop it, and, not meeting with the expected resistance, the waiter fell full length into the room. It had never entered his head that so much trouble might be saved by means of a hammer and a dozen or even half a dozen tacks until his fall taught him that makeshift is a very unprofitable sort of shift.

A Costly Jest.

It was a jest pure and simple that brought about the war between England and France in 1087 and ultimately cost the great William his life. William, of course, was "great" in more senses than one. So stout was he in fact by reason of his idle and luxurious life that he could not walk from place to place, but had to be carried. One day his contemporary, Philip of France, delicately remarked at dinner that William was "like a fillet of beef on casters and ought to be exhibited at a prize monarch show." Naturally William heard of this and in a furious rage ordered his troops to invade at once. This was done, and a war commenced which ended in the English king being thrown from his horse and killed while superintending the siege of Nantes.

Adaptable Woman.

It is always a mystery how we change our figures, our faces and our gait with every change of fashion, but there is no denying the fact that women do seem to accommodate themselves to Madame la Mode in this way. One year they will be of the drooping, languid, Rossettian type; another, they will be completely Georgian in face and style, and then, hey, presto, fashion waves her wand, and every one is magically transformed into a sturdy, square shouldered, across country looking person, with a face to match and a corresponding air.—London World.

How Whittier Raised Some Money.

An interesting story is told of the poet Whittier showing his ingenuity in getting subscriptions for a good cause. There were a number of carriage makers in Amesbury, where he resided, and, being once unable to collect cash in consequence of the prevailing commercial depression, he suggested that each might contribute some part of a carriage—one the wheels, another the body, etc. Thus all the parts of a complete carriage were given, and it was sold for the amount required.

Breaking It Gently.

"You were a long time in the far corner of the conservatory last evening," suggested the mother. "What was going on?"

"Do you remember the occasion on which you became engaged to papa?" inquired the daughter, by way of reply.

"Of course I do."

"Then it ought not to be necessary for you to ask any questions."

Thus gently the news was broken that they were to have a son-in-law.

Not Running on Tick.

"You seem to be very quiet all of a sudden," said the clock key.

"Yes, I'm all run down," replied the clock. "Time is money, they say, so I guess I must be bankrupt."

"That being the case," replied the key, "I'll appoint myself receiver and proceed to wind up your affairs."—Chicago News.

Easily Pleased Then.

Nell—So their engagement is off? Belle—Yes. She says he was too hard to please. Nell—That's funny. He must have changed since he proposed to her.—Exchange.

Confidential.

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

Happy.

Ethel—How happy Gladys looks tonight! Edythe—Yes, she expects to have a chance to accept Fred or turn down Charley, and she doesn't care which.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1000 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Debits and Credits.

"Yes," said Mrs. Millionaire proudly, "we married our daughter very well, I think. We gave her a dowry of $2,000,000, and you have no idea how many noblemen there were after her. She's now a countess."

"Yes, I read it all in the papers," returned Mrs. Cheerful smilingly. "We didn't give our daughter any dowry at all, and she is very happily married to a successful young business man."

"No dowry?"

"None. It wasn't necessary. In the matrimonial market, you know, it depends on the girl whether she is accepted as a debit or a credit."

After the full meaning of this had percolated through the intellect of Mrs. Millionaire a coldness seemed to arise and make itself felt.—New York Press.

Our Misnamed Quail.

America's typical game bird, the quail, is not named correctly at all, according to the government ornithologist. He says that the real quail is the quail of the Bible and that this is a bird belonging exclusively to the old world. The true quail does not occur in America at all. In many parts of this country the American bird is known as partridge, but the American partridge is really the ruffed grouse, and the true partridge again is another old world bird and not American. He thinks that the name given to it in many localities, "bobwhite," is as good as any. The name comes from the cry of the bird, which is something like "bobwhite, bobwhite, bobwhite."

Forests of Europe.

The percentage of the wooded areas of European countries as compared with their total areas is as follows: Finland, 51.2; Sweden, 49.3; Russia, 40.4; Austria, 32.6; Luxemburg, 29.1; Hungary, 27.7; Germany, 26.1; Servia, 24.9; Turkey, 23.4; Norway, 22; Roumania and Switzerland, 21.4 each; Bulgaria, 20.8. The other European countries have less than 20 per cent of woodlands.

An Opportunity to Guess.

"The difference between an old maid and a married woman," says Caustic, "is that one makes some man happy for life and the other doesn't." Now guess which is which.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Common Case.

Mrs. Young—Lucy, I'm afraid I married the wrong man. Mrs. Elder—Don't let that disturb you, dear. Every woman who marries does that.—Boston Transcript.

Untold Wealth.

Wagger—They say that old Conpenness, the banker, has untold wealth. Gagger—Yes, that's what the tax collector suspects.—Town Topics.

NEW DILL PICKLES

very fine flavored.

NEW SWEET AND SOUR PICKLES

bulk and in bottles.

Pure Maple Syrup; Home-made and pure buckwheat flour.

Try some of our Michigan potatoes and see how fine they cook

Tomatoes, full standards, 3 for 25c. Broken tea leaves, all values, mixed, at 15c lb., 2 pounds for 25c. Make a good cup of tea.

Try Apitezo and Brittle Bitts for a cooked breakfast food. They are our best sellers.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes.

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.
Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.
First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.
Satisfactory service guaranteed.

BEAUTIFUL Christmas Gifts

I have a display of beautiful and useful Christmas Gifts which excels anything in this line ever shown in Smethport and every article is of the very best quality and is guaranteed to be just as represented.

Diamonds

I have a large number of the best, both set and unset, beautiful pins, rings and lockets, watches, etc. This is by far the largest display of diamonds ever shown here. Most of this stock is bought on approval and therefore the prices are very reasonable.

Watches and Clocks

My stock of watches is unusually large at this time and comprises all the best makes and many of the novelties.

In clocks I have many new designs which make beautiful gifts. I wish to call your especial attention to the new Roycroft designs so popular just now.

Rings, Pins and Buttons

In this line I am well stocked. One of these emblematical of his fraternal society makes an appreciated gift for a gentleman.

Silverware and Cut Glass

My line in these goods is complete and well selected. You will have to see my stock as space forbids description.

Fancy Umbrellas

For holiday gifts I have anticipated your wants and can suit you. See display in west window.

ENGRAVING—All kinds of metal engraving done promptly.

W. J. KERR The JEWELER
MAIN STREET, : : SMETHPORT, PA.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPROUT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 8, 1904.

CONGRESS convened at noon on Monday.

THE St. Louis Exposition is a thing of the past now. It was the best show ever given.

THE South would count for much more in politics if it interested itself in live political questions, instead of played-out prejudices.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message to Congress is a clear, concise, convincing document, dealing with the questions of the day in his bold and fearless manner.

ALREADY there are indications that there will be just as many separate and distinct brands of "organized democracy" in the field four years from now as there were in the recent campaign.

FIRE on the Pike at the St. Louis Exposition last Friday night did about $250,000 damage. A Japanese sacred temple of great value was among the things destroyed. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin and a man giving his name as A. C. Dunne has been arrested.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says it is not only possible but probable that the United States will find it expedient to "take temporary charge of Santo Domingo, reorganize its government, pay off its indebtedness and replace intolerable conditions with a safe and sane government, precisely as was done with Cuba."

JAMES N. TYNER, former Postmaster General, died in Washington Monday. Mr. Tyner was Postmaster General during President Grant's administration. His last official duty was as assistant attorney general for the postoffice department, from which office he was removed last year and afterward indicted with his nephew, Harrison J. Barrett, on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the use of the mails by certain alleged "get rich quick" concerns. On this charge he was acquitted by a jury. He has been in ill health for a number of years. He was born in Indiana in 1826.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3, 1904.

The two great topics of conversation in this city are the opening of Congress next Monday and the coming inauguration, which is but twelve weeks away and promises to be an unusually imposing and stupendous affair. There are five great questions for this Congress to dispose of—tariff revision, merchant marine subsidies, reciprocity, how to increase the revenue and how to keep down expenditures. Congress will be in session but 90 days, with 11 weeks of actual work, or eliminating the holidays, 66 working days. And during this short time legislation will be asked for by impatient promoters outside of the regular appropriation bills. Under the circumstances much desirable legislation must go over until next December. While many Congressmen, both Republicans and Democrats, are calling at the White House to extend greetings to the President, they take the opportunity to express their opinion about tariff revision. Mr. Jones of Washington says that in his state Republicans preached prosperity, giving the credit to a protective tariff. He adds: "We cannot have revision for a few people in Massachussetts." The Representatives from West Virginia say no revision of the tariff is needed or desired in that State. Senator McComas of Maryland regards an extra session as unnecessary. Thus far the weight of opinion made public is against revision before next December. But there are states and statesmen yet to be heard from.

It is gratifying to record the good feeling which exists between members of Congress and the President. Besides meeting him cordially they bring a number of invitations for him to visit the South next Spring. One of these comes from the Chamber of Commerce in Louisville, Ky. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee says he hopes to see the President in Virginia; and it is known that he intends to meet the citizens of New Orleans and make a tour through Texas. That the President does not forget the South is evidenced by the announcement that he intends to appoint a grandson of Stonewall Jackson, and the son of the Macon, Ga., postmaster, cadet at West Point. And he says he hopes the grandson of Jackson will show the military genius of his grandfather. His graceful action, also, in providing a place for the venerable Confederate General, Senator Cockrell of Missouri, at a salary of $7,500, is warmly appreciated by the veterans in gray.

Congress will endeavor to devise ways and means for increasing the revenue of the Government. The imposition of heavy tonnage taxes, as proposed by the Merchant Marine Commission, it is thought, will add an annual revenue of $5,000,000. The abolition of the army transport system is likely to be recommended, and if accomplished, it will decrease expenses and permit American owners of private vessels, to do the business. It is proposed to tax grape brandy used for the purpose of fortifying wines. Last year no less than 3,473,446 gallons were admitted to this country free. A tax of $1.10 would yield a revenue of $3,820,790. It is also recommended that wood alcohol should be taxed. At one time oleomargerine yielded a revenue of $2,462,634. Owing to the tax of 10 cents a pound, this revenue has fallen to $279,891. An attempt will be made to reduce the tax. The total internal revenue for the next fiscal year is estimated at $280,000,000.

Among the bills which will be introduced the coming session are Mr. Overstreet's for the protection of the United States. When Congress adjourned this bill was in Congress. The pure food bill will be called up, but has slender chances of being adopted. Some of its requirements are considered to be too drastic. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will have a big lobby in Washington, urging the passage of the Hepburn-Dolliver bill to control interstate traffic in liquor; the McCumber bill forbidding the selling of liquor in Government buildings and soldier's homes, and the bill prohibiting the opium traffic. These women also want Senator Smoot unseated. Congressman Green of R. I., will introduce a bill making hours of labor throughout the United States uniform. This is a forlorn hope as it would require a constitutional amendment.

The Supreme Court this week listened to the arguments in the case of Senator Burton, of Kansas, who was tried on the charge of receiving compensation from persons for representing them before the Postoffice Department. It will not surprise some if the Supreme Court reverses the action of the lower court, and the Senator escapes upon a technicality concerning jurisdiction. It was maintained at the hearing that the United States is not a party in interest in the case.

The President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in this city, Mr. C. A. Snow, informs your correspondent that President Roosevelt is actively interested in the promotion of kindness to animals. In a recent message to Congress he recommended that special care and kindness be shown superannuated horses and mules that had been in Government service. He is opposed to docking or shearing horses. While the President is known as a hunter, it will be remembered that he has hunted only ferocious and carniverous animals—those that are destructive to deer, sheep and cattle. He does not shoot small birds or game. Recently a Boston paper published an account of cruelty to a Thanksgiving turkey by the Roosevelt children in the White House grounds and represented the President as enjoying the performance. There was no word of truth in the story for the turkey was killed and dressed in Rhode Island before it was shipped to Washington and the Roosevelt family did not see it until it was served on the table. As a punishment and a warning to mendacious journalists the President has ordered that the representatives of the Boston paper shall be denied access to all Government offices in Washington. The order carries the ban and disgrace of disbarment. The President is kind to all animals. Recently while riding he heard the cries of a kitten that had fallen into a sewer. He called a colored man and paid him to rescue the little beast. Your correspondent lives near the place where the President mounts his horse for a ride in the Park. An orderly may be seen any fine afternoon holding three horses, one with a lady's saddle. Soon the President and Mrs. Roosevelt drive up. The place is two miles from the White House. The President swings his two hundred pounds lightly from the carriage, usually a one horse depot wagon, and then assists Mrs Roosevelt to alight, helps her to her horse and gives the horse a lump of sugar. Then giving his own horse a lump of sugar he mounts and they ride off at a walk followed by the orderly at a distance of about a hundred steps. The President's horses are serviceable but not ostentatious animals. He is too good a rider to tolerate a cavorting steed.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE
BELL BROS.

The Christmas Store
NOW READY

The whole store overflowing with things, appropriate for gifts, beautiful, useful, ornamental.

We most heartily bid you welcome, whether you come to look or buy.

ON FIRST FLOOR

Umbrellas, Gents' Furnishings, Linens, Gold and Silver Fancy Goods, Blankets, Comforts, etc., Dress Goods, Silks, Gloves, Neckwear, Shoes, Ribbons, Underwear.

ON SECOND FLOOR

Millinery, Cloaks, Suits, Skirts, Silk and Cloth Waists, Furs, Children's Dresses, Coats, etc., Lace Curtains, Rugs and Carpets.

ON THIRD FLOOR

An immense display of Holiday Furniture, which we carefully pack, and deliver any time, as ordered, freight paid.

The Season's Biggest Dress Goods Sale

A sale of finest mixed Suiting at a great reduction from regular prices. About 40 styles of both imported and domestic weaves are being hurried out at a special price.

Out of town customers send for samples of these bargains. In so doing please mention this advertisement.

All are strictly all wool, and mostly 54 inches wide.

All $2.00 Mixed Suits		$1.50	per yard
" 1.75	" "	1.40	" "
" 1.50	" "	1.25	" "
" 1.25	" "	1.00	" "
" 1.00	" "	.85	" "
" .75	" "	.64	" "

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

The elaborate display of

HOLIDAY GOODS

AT McCOY'S DRUG STORE

consisting of all the late novelties such as DAINTY BOOKS, POEMS, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, DIARIES, CALENDARS, beautifully bound.

If you want your heart filled with the love of Christmas don't fail to call in here. For sure SANTA CLAUS has left us the best.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

Don't Care to Spend Much Money?

And yet you want to dress well for the holidays or buy an Xmas present for a friend. A visit to our store will point the way to the right goods at the right price.

Elegantly Tailored Suits and Overcoats.

The "R. & W." 52-inch Belt Back Rain Proof Coat.

Gloves, Caps, Hats and Umbrellas.

Walk Over Shoes

Fine Flannel and Madras Shirts.

Magnificent line of Sweaters, Ties, Mufflers and Suspenders in handsome single boxes and many other useful and sensible articles.

WM. MONHEIMER

Christmas Advice

For something fine and beautiful buy HAWK'S BUT GLASS. It is the standard of two continents. Our hand-painted China is done by a professional artist—nothing amateur about it.

For the gentlemen's stockings—pipes, cards, dice, poker chips, checkers, dominoes, cigar holders, handsome military sets. We keep only the best quality. You cannot get better prices in the city.

Toilet sets, fine perfumes, stationery, gold fish, leather goods, rubber goods. Order cut flowers through us. We can please you.

L. K. HOGARTH

Oldest drug store in the county.
Established 1865 by Hogarth & Seems.

EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEPARTMENT | **BROWN** | MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Everything that is brown is strictly in it. Brown Suits, Brown Overcoats, Brown Hats, Brown Neckwear and Brown Hosiery. In fact everything brown.

Watch for window display.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Double Purple Trading Stamps

Will be given at store of D. C. Young until January 1, 1905, if stamps and premiums hold out. After that I do not expect to give any more stamps. I only have a few one book premiums and have not succeeded in getting any more. My reason for giving Double Stamps is to enable those who are trying to get a one book premium to get a two book premium for the same price, which is quite an extra expense to me, but will not cost my customers any more. I have several valuable premiums which can be secured by combining books.

My stock of goods is complete in every line and prices are right. Come early, avoid the rush and take your choice.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

December 1, 1904.

Holiday Groceries.

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

Have just returned from New York where I purchased a very large line of Holiday Goods, as well as the most correct novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, belts, girdles, fancy combs and many other goods that comprise Ladies Furnishings. Do not fail to see my Japanese Goods, especially Vantine's Sachet, Talcum Powder and Soaps.

M. L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

45-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Jobbing Clothing Store

XMAS NEWS

THE LINDHOLM CO.'S STORE OPENING

SATURDAY, DEC. 10

Our Second Floor has been refitted into

A Model Santa Claus Department

Wonderful values in Novelties, Toys and Games, including Dolls, dressed and undressed, Doll Chairs, Sleds, Carts, Automobiles, Pictures, Statuary, Fancy Vases, Toilet Novelties, etc.

Beautiful Showing of Holiday Handkerchiefs

Linen Handkerchiefs from.....5c to $1.50 each

OUR SPECIAL—An ideal Xmas gift for the little folks, A Suit Case filled with Handkerchiefs.....50c

Beauties in Holiday Umbrellas 98c to $8.50

All better ones engraved free.

Big Values in Xmas Slippers

For ladies and Men, priced from.....60c to $2.25 pr.

500 MORE

OF THOSE WONDERFUL MATTED PICTURES.—New subjects, new colorings, a bargain any day at 20c. OUR PRICE WHILE THEY LAST.....10c each

Don't fail to visit our second floor.

Your money will reach farther in Christmas buying here than anywhere else.

The Lindholm Company

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR MEANS DELIGHTFUL SHAVING

No matter how hard your beard, or how tender your face. No waiting around crowded barber shops. No "next." No stropping or honing. Always sharp. A safe safety. Impossible to cut yourself. Instantly adjusted for close or light shaving. All you have to do is to shave, we do all the work. Do not confuse this razor with any safety you have ever seen or heard of. Come in and see it at

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 8, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Criminal court next week.

—"Human Hearts" next Tuesday evening at the Lyceum.

—Mrs. W. O. Herzog is entertaining the euchre club this afternoon.

—Smethport carpenters enjoyed a supper at Kerns' hall last Friday night.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Van Sickles of Bush Hill are rejoicing over the recent arrival of a baby girl.

—Miss Lena Wiltsey gave a dinner to a number of her friends Sunday evening, it being her birthday.

—The Broughton Pressed Brick Works at Lewis Run were destroyed by fire last Thursday morning.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Alexander, on Water street, on Friday, Dec. 2, a boy, weighing 11½ pounds.

—Maurice Hall is seriously ill with typhoid fever at his home near the Smethport window glass works.

—Reports from members of the Protected Home Circle say that the lodge is growing at a rapid rate in Smethport. New members are being received weekly.

—W. J. Kerr has an interesting holiday advertisement in this issue which every holiday gift buyer should read. He has a large stock of jewelry for the holidays.

—"God's Revelation of His Justice and Mercy" is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "The Influence of Belief Upon Conduct and Character" is the evening topic.

—The Messrs. Connington of the bent glass factory on Marvin street say that operations are progressing very satisfactorily at their plant. This is a new industry that started a few months ago.

—One of the most interesting plays of the last decade, is W. E. Nankeville's "Human Hearts" which will be shown to our theatre goers next Tuesday evening.

—Several ladies of the South side surprised Mrs. J. W. Brennan last Sunday evening. They came loaded with good things and a very pleasant social evening was passed.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church will hold a Christmas sale at the parlors of the Baptist church on Tuesday, Dec. 20. They should be given liberal patronage.

—There is a good deal of danger of a water famine in some sections of this state. In Butler county water is so scarce that public prayer meetings have been called and prayers offered up for rain.

—Lewis Bowers had the fingers on his left hand badly mangled in a cutting box while working on the A. B. Armstrong farm last Monday. Dr. Hamilton dressed his wounds and he is doing well.

—An enterprising Parisian has opened a duellists' supply store where weapons may be had, carriages hired, witnesses engaged, etc., without loss of time. By this means French honor can be appeased with neatness and dispatch and at prices within the reach even of a actor or hack driver.

—A DuBois paper says hunters are so numerous in the woods of that section that the more cautious ones have hoisted red signals as protection against the reckless shooters. A number were noticed in hunting regalia Saturday with red patches on chest and back and others wore colors on their cap.

—"Human Hearts," which will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum on Tuesday evening, is by the same company that gave such perfect satisfaction here last season. Both the management of the Lyceum and the MINER have no hesitancy in guaranteeing "Human Hearts" to be a first-class attraction.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subject for the day are "The Official Ministry of the Church" and "The Measure Measured Back."

—A burglar was discovered in Rose Clark's house Tuesday evening. He was discovered by Mrs. Clark who got out on the roof of the porch and gave an alarm which frightened him away. No clue to his identity has been found.

—You will find a fine display of useful articles at the Christmas market held in Epworth chapel Tuesday, Dec. 13, afternoon and evening. In connection with this sale supper will be served from 5 to 8 o'clock. Your patronage is solicited.

—As an attraction at the Lyceum this week the Tempest Stock Company held the Boards Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, playing to small sized audiences. The company was well balanced and should have received better patronage.

—At the M. E. parsonage Thanksgiving day, occurred the ceremony which made Dell L. Beach of Miamisburg, Ohio, and Miss Hattie Toles of Cross Fork, man and wife. Rev. E. M. Snodgrass performed the ceremony.—Coudersport Journal.

—The demonstration of cooking with gas given by Holmes & Gilfillan at their big hardware store Tuesday afternoon and evening was a decided success. Thomas Cole did the cooking on a Garnet Jewel gas range in the west window and furnished the many guests with many delicacies.

—In a recent issue of the Army and Navy Journal it has been stated that the entire national guard of New York and Pennsylvania will participate in the ceremonies incidental to the inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4. General John M. Wilson, formerly commander during the Spanish-American war of the first division of the United States army, of which the 16th regiment was a part, has been appointed chairman of the inaugural committee.

—Belmont Dispatch: With a rope twisted about his neck and stripped entirely of clothing, his body bruised and mangled and completely covered with blood, Lera Beers, the 13-year old son of Edward Beers, was found in an unconscious condition about three miles south of Belmont late Wednesday afternoon. The other end of the rope was tied to a cow standing nearby, which the lad had started to take from the pasture to the barn. He died within a short time without regaining consciousness.

—Says Elbert Hubbard in the Philistine: "Once in my callow days I accepted a wager that I could wear a prison suit and walk from Buffalo to Cleveland without serious molestation. It took me over four days to get thirty miles. I was arrested nine times, and at Dunkirk I came near being mobbed by a Sunday school picnic and was compelled to discard my uniform for citizens clothes. Yet I was a free man and innocent of crime, and there was no law defining what I should wear, so long as it was male attire."

Child With Two Heads.

A female child with two heads, born in East Sommerville, Mass., a few days ago, is attracting much interest among the medical fraternity about Boston.

The physician who had charge of the case, in discussing the matter with other doctors said:

"It is unprecedented in the annals of medical science. The child has two separate necks, each supporting a head, one facing to the front and the other to the rear. The latter is not well formed and the features are irregular and imperfect, there being no eyes.

"The baby is in the best of health and perfectly normal in every other respect. The mother is a young woman of 20 years. The child weighed 14 pounds at birth."

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

Personal Mention.

Waldo Sasso was a Kane visitor this week.

F. G. Lindholm returned Saturday from Buffalo.

John B. Eastman had business in Kane last Friday.

G. W. Bauer of Warren had business in town this week.

Mrs. S. E. Bell and son, Don, visited in Bradford this week.

D. H. Burnham of Eldred had business in town yesterday.

Dr. John Clark was a Coudersport visitor the first of the week.

Ed McClure returned yesterday from an extended visit in Michigan.

J. Clayton Bnokus returned from a western business trip Tuesday.

H. F. Grabo of Bradford was the guest of friends in town Sunday.

D. M. Sheehan and Lawrence Hopper returned from Pittsburg yesterday.

Hon. T. F. Richmond returned Saturday from a business trip to Pittsburg.

Hon. Henry Hamlin returned from a business visit to New York city on Saturday.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Abbey, over Sunday.

Editor N. H. Knapp of the Austin Republican was calling on his many friends in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned home Tuesday from an extended visit to friends in Friendship, N. Y.

S. H. Cleveland attended a reception given by St. John's Commandery, Knight Templars, to Gov.-elect Frank W. Higgins at the Masonic Temple, Olean, on Dec. 1st.

Frank S. Baker of Mt. Jewett and John W. Baker of Buffalo were in town Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call. Both are former residents of this place, the latter at one time being in the employ of the MINER.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Lost—An express package addressed to H. C. Wells. Please return to Mr. Wells or Adams Express agent.

WANTED—A lady or married couple to board. Inquire of Mrs. J. F. Neff, Cemetery St.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

FRIDAY, DEC. 13

The Never Failing Delight

W. E. NANKEVILLE'S

ENORMOUS TRIUMPH

HUMAN HEARTS

A STORY FROM LIFE PRESENTED IN DRAMATIC FORM

Abounding in Humanity, Bubbling over with Joyous Comedy

Thrilling and Realistic Situations Arouse the Spectator to the Highest Pitch of Enthusiasm.

Seven Seasons Substantial Success.

PRICES, . . . 25, 35, 50 and 75c

Seats on sale at Well's Pharmacy.

HEADQUARTERS

For Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel.

We are prepared for the largest Winter Business in our history. Large stocks rightly bought and low priced is a combination that cannot be beat and spells quick sales.

Of course the choicest bargains go first.

Buy your Winter Hat now. We have a large and complete assortment.

Just received a new lot of Winter Waists, latest styles and colors. Also can show you an elegant line of silk petticoats Quality guaranteed.

Mercerized skirts from 98c to $2.75.

Do not fail to look at our new line of Rain Coats, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Gloves, Belts, Underwear, etc.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

Is getting ready for the

HOLIDAYS

As usual Santa Claus will be in full bloom at his store.

Call and See the Display.

BANNER PATTERNS 10 and 15c

FRY & COMES

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 and $1.50

Dry Goods, Carpets, Men's Furnishings

HOLIDAY GOODS

It's a difficult task to select all of the Christmas gifts to one's satisfaction. There's always the present for this one or that one that we find hard to get to our notion.

Use the list we print. It concerns the stock f which we have particularly large assortments and uncommonly good values. It will, we trust, suggest a way over the difficult places.

Blankets
Cotton fleeced and wool goods in white and colors. 58c to $7.50

Bed Spreads
Fringed or hemmed, plain or cut corners 85c to $4.75

Linens
Handsome patterns and extra values in sets and yard goods with napkins to match
Sets $6.50 to $7.00
Yard goods, 25c to $1.50

Towels
Damask, Huck, Turkish and "Rub Dry". 25c to $1.00

Dress Goods
A dress pattern would certainly please the wife. All colors and grades. 25c to $1.50 yd.

Silks
A complete assortment of colored and black silks in Taffeta, pean de soie and pean de cygne. 50c to $1.50 yd.

Gloves
All sorts in yarn and leather for ladies, misses and Children. 25c to $1.50

Neckwear and Belts
We never had such pretty things as now 10c to $1.50

Umbrellas
Always acceptable. Ours are the the "Baltimore Maid" and have detachable handles. Fully guaranteed. $2.50 to $10.00

Furs
They make a handsome gift for ladies and children. We have most every sort and color that's fashionable. 50c to $27.00

Men's Furnishings
It's hard to buy presents for men. Our gents' department will help you. We have the new things in neckwear, gloves, suspenders, umbrellas, mufflers, cuff buttons, scarf pins, etc. 25c to $2.75

Rugs
A very practical Gift 65c to $9.00

Pictures
You will find an excellent lot of framed pictures in the basement. 10c to $3.00

Toys and Games
These are in the basement. We are sure the change will please you. It relieves the congestion on the main floor and affords a better display. There's a great lot of them and certainly sufficient variety 5c to $3.75

Dolls
The best lot we've ever had and we really think better values than you will get elsewhere. 25c to $2.75

FRY & COMES

"Use Your Own Judgment"

AFTER SEEING THE STOVE MAKERS' MASTERPIECE

The Detroit Jewel Elevated Oven

GAS RANGE

This is the latest production of the world's largest stove manufacturing plant.

Quality and economy has been the foundation that has made them good.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

....HOLIDAY STOCK....

At this time of the year every one is thinking of Chrisimas.

We have a large and well selected line of goods.

Our collection presents the broadest possible chance for the buyer, and and as the best time to buy is while the stock is complete we have everything ready for the early purchasers.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

IN RETREAT

By TROY ALLISON

Copyright, 1904, by Troy Allison

The dog beside her growled, and the woman, looking up from her novel, saw the man coming down the path, fishing tackle in hand.

The path was overgrown with weeds, and there were few indications that it was used except by the cattle coming to the creek for water.

The dog arose, alertly pugnacious, and the fisherman suddenly became conscious of the fact that his favorite spot was pre-empted.

"I fear I must crave your protection." He took off his tweed cap with humorous gravity and smiled, first at the woman, then with a conciliatory air into the face of the bristling dog.

She took the dog by the collar and drew him toward her.

"I can at least offer you a reprieve from sudden death." She held the animal with a firm, white hand, and Ferroll loosened his grip on the fishing rods he had intended using as a club should the necessity arise.

"Perhaps he is a stickler for etiquette," he suggested, "and might regard my civilities with less—er—animosity if I offered him my card."

"I must admit he shows more amiability toward people to whom he has been introduced."

He took a cigar case from his pocket and offered it to her, his name printed in gilt letters on the side.

"Kindly introduce me to him properly," he implored. "I wouldn't further offend his sense of propriety for worlds."

She patted the dog on the head and, pointing toward the newcomer, made the introduction with exaggerated politeness.

"Billie, most able bodyguard of an unprotected spinster, allow me to make you acquainted with one Dr. James Ferroll."

"Quite charmed, old fellow. I assure you." Ferroll bowed extravagantly. "You'll excuse my not shaking hands? You will? That's exceedingly kind, for I would be slightly nervous about trying it on first sight."

"He will behave properly now." She paused, evidently expecting Ferroll to continue upstream.

"If you wouldn't mind," he spoke hesitatingly, "I will ask permission to fish here. In fact, I have been dreaming about this very spot since my vacation last summer. By Jove, I caught some beauties here."

In less than an hour she had dropped her novel on the grass by the side of the now placidly sleeping Billie and was taking her first lesson in the art of bass fishing.

"You did that just right," Ferroll whooped when she triumphantly landed her first fish. "You let him take it under like an experienced hand. I'm proud of you." And he beamed on his pupil with an approval that caused her to feel more enthusiasm than a whole bushel of permit favors had ever induced.

When she finally took up her novel and hat preparatory to leaving he looked at her with frank friendliness.

"I'm going to be here a month. I hope I will have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"Billie and I spend hours in this spot every day. If you do much fishing you will probably meet up with us occasionally."

She smiled goodby, and the big dog followed her into the woods.

After a half mile walk she reached a log hut that was built in so small a clearing that the break it made in the foliage was scarcely noticeable.

"We are suffering from an outrageous hunger, Sally," she said to the buxom negro woman that met her at the cabin door. "If you will cook some of that funny corn bread you make so beautifully and fry this fish I have brought I will experience the novelty of eating a dinner I worked for."

When Miss Winchester had first announced that she was tired of her usual summers at Newport and had told her married brother that he might use her cottage for the season her people had wondered why she should desire anything different from the lovely cottage where she had spent her summers for the last ten years.

When she had told them she was going to spend three months in a little Virginia country place that they could not find on the map they shrugged their shoulders and congratulated themselves that Julia was the only one in the family who had ever shown symptoms of eccentricity.

With the help of the farmer who owned the cabin she had fitted it up for rough camping life. The negress, Sally, had been recommended as a good cook and an able protector from ordinary calamities. The farmer had added an old fashioned dinner horn to the establishment, and Miss Winchester felt content that if the necessity arose Sally and Billie could hold the camp until the men from the nearest farmhouse could answer the summons of the horn.

* * * * * * *

Next day Ferroll had been in luck and half filled his basket when she reached the creek.

"Good morning, Billie," he called out. "I hope we are on friendly terms today?"

The dog sniffed at the basket of fish, then lay down on the coat Ferroll had discarded.

"That's right, old fellow, make yourself at home. I hope he doesn't object to smoke?" He looked at Miss Winchester inquiringly, carefully placed his rod in the forks of a convenient bush and lit a cigar preparatory to a few minutes' chat.

"He never has shown any special fondness for tobacco"—her smile struck Ferroll as possessing qualities of unconventionality and good comradeship—"but I really think he likes the smell of it out here in the woods. We like anything that offers a change. That's the reason we are rusticating." She told Ferroll about the log cabin and Sally.

"You are rather a plucky woman"—he looked at her admiringly—"but why did you come absolutely alone?"

"That's the nice part." She fastened a wreath of green leaves around the neck of the slumbering Billie. "I was tired of everybody, and, if you must know the exact truth, I ran away to keep from being married for my money. I had an idea that a matchmaking friend was concocting a scheme to deprive me of my liberty."

Ferroll showed a sudden interest.

"We have a bond of sympathy," he said, watching his creditable performance at making smoke rings in the calm summer air. "I have an aunt in Newport who was absolutely determined I should visit her this summer. She had picked out a rich old maid who owned a lovely cottage and had it all planned that I was to go to see and to conquer said spinster. So, you see, I came down here to keep from being forced into marrying for money."

"I used to know some people in Newport. What's your aunt's name?" she asked, with pretense of idle curiosity.

"Mrs. Fenton. She has been there for the last three years only." And his observation being concentrated on his newest smoke ring, he failed to see the crimson that flushed her face when he mentioned the name of her own next door neighbor at Newport.

* * * * * * *

Billie's mistress sat under the tree by the creek one day until she had finished her book, and still Ferroll had not appeared.

She leaned over and patted the dog's head.

"It's the first time in three weeks that he has not been here first, Billie," she said.

Billie gave a snort that either expressed ridicule for the anxiety in her voice or disapproval of having his ears rubbed the wrong way; then he suddenly sat up to listen, and in a few minutes Ferroll came down the path.

For the first time he came without his fishing tackle. He threw himself down on the ground beside them and scowled into the dog's welcoming eyes.

"Billie, I want you to know that I'm an egregious idiot. Perhaps you will be somewhat at sea as to the meaning of egregious, but I assure you it's the very worst kind of idiot."

Miss Winchester raised her eyebrows in sympathetic surprise.

"Suppose you tell us how you became aware of your mental defects," she suggested.

He pulled the dog's head over on his knee.

"Billie, I dare not tell how I discovered the fact of my idiocy. Last night when I left the creek I was a happy man. I had determined to come down here this morning and ask you how you would like to live in a house with a doctor's sign on it. I had a faint hope that your mistress would hate to give you up and would come, too, to look after you, you know. But, Billie, that hope is as dead as a doornail. I had a letter from my aunt this morning, and she mentioned casually—oh, yes, darn casually—that she was glad I had postponed my visit, as Miss Julia Winchester was not at home and she would not have me miss having a trial at winning her money for anything."

The woman sat perfectly quiet while he continued his confidences.

"Now, she would always think I was after her money, you unsympathetic brute, and, to make matters worse, I have kept her amused for three weeks with jokes about the old maid at Newport. Billie, do you think there is a living woman that would overlook being called an old maid?"

She reached over and took hold of one of the dog's maltreated ears.

"Lend me an ear, Billie. You ought to be a well trained dog, for I have spent hours on your education. Get up and express nicely to the gentleman your overwhelming desire to live in a house ornamented by a doctor's sign."

Then she managed to force her head away from Ferroll's shoulder long enough to add another sentence:

"You might state that your mistress has a fondness for egregious idiots, Billie."

A Scotch Collie's Religion.

At the disruption in 1848 the bulk of the shepherds joined the Free kirk. But one collie held by the Establishment principle and refused to "come out." Every Sabbath he went alone to the Established church, where he had been wont to accompany his master. His master refused to coerce him. "Na, na," he said, "he's a wise dowg; I'll no meddle wi' his convictions." The collie's adherence to the Establishment had, however, a disastrous end. He was accustomed to lie during the sermon on the pulpit stairs, no doubt better to hear the discourse. Below him were placed the long stovepipe hats of the elders. On one unfortunate day he fell asleep, rolled off his step and managed to get his head firmly fixed inside one of the hats. Bitterly mortified, the dog fled from the kirk and ever afterward, as his master said, "had nae trokings wi' releegion."—London Spectator.

Quite at Home.

"Do they make you feel at home at the Gwillises?"

"Indeed they do. They quarrel right before me, just as if I were one of the family."—Chicago Tribune.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

THE COLOR OF SNOW.

Although It Appears White, It Is Really a Delicate Blue.

Science, while it gets at the marrow and essence of things, upsets many pretty delusions and fancies. We have been taught from childhood that snow is white, and the impression conveyed to our brains through the medium of sight appears to settle the question beyond the possibility of a doubt, yet, though the judgment of our senses is to the contrary, it can be scientifically demonstrated that its true color is blue. It is a faint and delicate cerulean tint, to be sure, but decided enough to make the scientific declaration that snow is blue one that is positive and irrefutable.

It is a well known fact that pure water in small quantities is perfectly transparent. In large masses it is distinctly blue. Snow is simply the crystals of pure water. The reflection from these is that of all the colors of the rainbow or prism, but by uniting before they reach the eye cause snow to appear to be white. "But," you will say, "the single crystal also appears to be white." This is true beyond question, the reason being that that which appears to be a single crystal is in reality a multitude of microscopic threads, prisms, lines and dots.

In spite of their apparent great diversity in form and shape, which may vary from hairlike crystals to perfect stars of beautiful, delicate and intricate designs, they may be said to be absolutely uniform in original delineation, that of the hexagonal prism. The primitive form is that of a straight needle of ice, radiating from a central nucleus, always at symmetrical distances and at angles of either 60 or 120 degrees. What may on casual examination be taken for exceptions to this rule are the little disks which occasionally fall. These on close examination proved to be six sided planes, the angle still being 120 degrees.

POLITE TO THE LAST.

A Maid In Whom Courtesy Was a Ruling Passion.

The Ellen in Samuel Laman Blanchard's excellent but now forgotten book, "Sketches From Life," had probably never heard of Emerson's saying, "There is always time enough for courtesy," but she embodied the great sage's principle in her daily intercourse with her fellow beings. Politeness was a ruling passion with her. To the fishwoman's boy she would answer, "Yes, sir; noes, sir, if it is quite convenient." Mr. Blanchard lodged with Ellen's mistress, and one day the manservant of a friend brought a parcel of books.

The man delivered the books into Ellen's hands; then, remembering he was intrusted with a letter also, he searched his pockets in vain for the missive. Ellen, waiting in the hall, was greatly distressed.

"Oh, pray, sir, do not trouble yourself!"

"Trouble myself!" exclaimed the servant. "If I have a letter to deliver I've got to deliver it." And he continued his search.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," broke out the apologetic Ellen.

"Why, it is I who am keeping you waiting," returned the puzzled servant. "What are you talking about? Well, I can't find the letter."

"Oh, sir," entreated the maid, "never mind. I dare say it doesn't signify. Another time will do quite as well."

Mr. Blanchard's landlady was taken sick, and every day the lodger's inquiries were answered by the faithful Ellen in somewhat this wise:

"My missis' compliments, sir, and she had a very indifferent night," or, "My missis' compliments, sir, and she feels very weak today."

One sad day when Ellen appeared with the breakfast her eyes were red and her lips quivered. In response to the usual question she sobbed out:

"My missis' compliments, sir, and she died this morning about 8 o'clock."—Youth's Companion.

The Russian Samovar.

Every Russian peasant who is prosperous enough to enjoy the luxury of tea has his samovar. At all inns each visitor is supplied with one. It invariably accompanies the traveler and the picnicker, and even the officers starting out upon a campaign find room for a small one in their baggage. Samovar signifies "self boiler." It is made of brass, lined with tin and with a tube in the center, in which the hot cinders of charcoal are placed after having been ignited. Often a pipe connects it with the chimney, and two friends will sit for hours drinking the boiling hot weak tea.—Harper's Bazar.

Think Straight.

It would be impossible for a lawyer to make a reputation in his profession while continually thinking about medicine or engineering. He must think about law and must study and become thoroughly imbued with its principles. It is unscientific to expect to attain excellence or ability enough to gain distinction in any particular line while holding the mind upon and continually contemplating something radically different.—Success Magazine.

Work and Play.

Whizzer—Every man ought to divide his time between work and play. Joshem—Yes. Your friend Toucher over there certainly does that. When he isn't playing the races he is working his friends.—Chicago News.

The Immutability of Temperament.

"That man could own his own home if he were not so extravagant."

"Yes, but what would be the use? If he owned his own home he would simply mortgage it."—Washington Star.

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.—Smollett.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Medicines, Cures and Omens of Former Generations.

A sure cure for the ague, according to an old time specific, was to rub a live spider in butter and then eat it. The late Vincent Stuckey Lane, who died in England after spending much of his life in the collection of folk lore, gives many other instances of the medicines of former generations. To rub a dried mole to powder and to swallow as much of it as would lie on a shilling for nine days in succession was another cure for ague. A hare's foot carried on the person prevented colic, eels applied to the ears were a specific against deafness, and epilepsy yielded to a gentle treatment of toadstools gathered just as they were forcing their way through the ground and swallowed in claret at midnight. There were many ways of curing fits, but the simplest plan was to go into a church at midnight and walk three times round the communion table. A snake's skin worn round the temples was good for the headache, but if that failed the sufferer might try moss grown on a human skull, then powdered and taken as snuff.

Whooping cough could never be caught by a child who had ridden a bear, but if no bear was handy the child might be soundly thrashed or drawn backward through a bramble bush. The subject of signs and omens fills a number of pages of Mr. Lane's five volumes. Under the heading "Good and Ill Luck in Marriage" he shows on how trifling a matter the marital happiness or unhappiness of our ancestors could turn. It was unlucky, for example, to receive a present of doves, to tread on the tail of a cat, to put on one's stockings wrong side out or to try the wedding ring on before marriage.

On the wedding day the happy couple had to redouble their vigilance, as a horse looking at them through a gateway, a pig running across their path on the way to church, a dog running between them or the clock striking during the ceremony might wreck their happiness. For the bride to look in the glass after she was attired in her wedding finery was sure to bring ill luck. On the other hand, it was lucky to be followed by a strange dog when going courting, to be touched by the wing of a bat or for the bride to hear a cat sneeze on the eve of her wedding.

OLD GEM SUPERSTITIONS.

The diamond extinguishes intermittent fevers when attached somewhere about the person.

The amethyst stills headaches, makes drunkards abstemious and sober; hence its name.

The hematite or bloodstone heals disease of the eye.

The carbuncle is said to cure headache if given to the sick in solution.

The jasper eases inflammation of the head and prevents nightmares and is a preservative against pestilence and epilepsy.

The onyx, dissolved, keeps off nightmare and phantasms, and when powdered is good for toothache.

The jacinth stops coughs, heals hernia and is good against melancholy if drunk with vinegar.

The chalcedony, worn round the person, heals the wound from the scorpion's bite.

The topaz, powdered and drunk, brings persons raving mad back to their state, if it is worn on the person it is also helpful in this case.

Consumption's Roll of Honor.

Dr. John B. Huber, writing on the history of consumption in the Medical Record, mentions the following more or less great persons who have died as its victims: Marie Bashkirtseff, Xavier Bichat, H. C. Bunner, Friedrich Chopin, Stephen Crane, John Godman, John Paul Jones, John Keats, Dr. Rene T. H. Laennec, Shirley Lanier, Jules Bastien Lepage, Ethelbert Nevin, Henry Purcell, Elizabeth Felix Rachel, Friedrich Schiller, John Sterling, Laurence Sterne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry Timrod, Carl Maria von Weber, Artemus Ward, Henry Kirk White and Baruch Spinoza.

Recipe Wanted.

Young Mrs. Vinton looked over the fence that separates her back yard from Mrs. Hardy's, and her pretty face was troubled, says the Chicago News.

"Mrs. Hardy!" she called softly.

"Yes. What is it?" and Mrs. Hardy's matronly figure appeared in her kitchen door.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you," Mrs. Vinton went on, "but will you tell me some good way to cook clay pigeons? Jimmy has just sent me word that he is going out to shoot some. He's bound to bring a lot home, and I haven't the remotest idea how to prepare them."

His Greatest Need.

"What d'ye want?" asked the coachman at the kitchen door.

"De boss o' de house sent me round here," replied the tramp, "an' said you was ter gimme anything I needed."

"All roight. Come out to the stable, an' I'll turn the hose on ye."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Saved!

Columbus was gazing [illegible] the approaching storm.

"Call the cook," he commanded, "and I'll have him [illegible] alp. I read in the papers [illegible] boil the water it won't h[illegible]"—Cleveland Leader.

But Lived to Tell It.

Upgardson—What on earth used you up like that, old fellow? Been kicked by a mule or run over by an automobile? Atom—Both. The one kicked me in the way of the other.—Chicago Tribune.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMITHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c. and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy. of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—B. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Knymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Lytle.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDOVER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FURCHTOS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't,
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.

L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Utermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:35 P. M.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:18 a. m., Baltimore 4:20 a. m., Washington 5:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars, Emporium to Philadelphia, dining car Emporium to Philadelphia and New York. Passengers for Philadelphia and points in Pennsylvania can remain in sleeping car until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays. Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:30 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:12 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M		P M
2:20	Ridgway	11:50
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:15
3:07	Straight	11:04
3:12	Instanter	10:59
3:20	Smith's Run	10:52
3:29	Woodvale	10:45
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 4:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Sanen, Mortersville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:35 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R., for Harrisburg Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Sundays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:10 and 5:30 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Hidgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:47 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:48 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:38 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:23 p. m.); connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 3:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, Gen'l Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M. A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	4.33	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
	0	1.43	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.43	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.4
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Brinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00 1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0 0
4.05	7.36	12.00	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.56	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar.	A.M.	P.M. P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Doninthorne's Model

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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It was varnishing day, and Piccadilly was crowded with the throngs pouring into Burlington House. All smart London was there. Gay chat, bright costumes, the latest gossip, everything rather than the pictures, held the attention of those present. So at least it seemed to a slender girl with a clear cut, attractive face who strolled slowly from picture to picture, lingering to study one here and there, promising herself to come again when there were fewer people.

Then suddenly a little cry escaped her parted lips. Was it possible? She was back in Llandudno again. There was the Irish sea dancing in the sunlight, the green curve of the Great Orme, and surely—surely that figure in white, gazing with shaded eyes out across the water, was herself. Bending closer, she gazed eagerly at the picture. Yes, the face was hers. To a casual passerby perhaps the likeness might not be striking, but to her—the pose, the dress—everything spoke eloquently. How could it have happened? Hurriedly consulting her catalogue, she found the picture. "Hope" it was called, and the artist's name Ralph Lawrence Doninthorne. She knew no one of that name.

SHE STARED AT THE PICTURE.

Slipping into a seat near by, she stared at the picture. Was she really like that? A voice from behind caught her attention.

"It certainly was a great piece of luck to have it accepted. No. I don't know the model's name. I saw her last summer and painted the picture largely from memory. I could never find out who she was and never dared speak. I think I would be bolder now. And somehow I have the feeling that she lives in London."

His friend laughed.

"You expect to meet her in the street, then? And what would you do—just go up and ask her to dine?"

"Perhaps," retorted the artist seriously. The girl, half rising from her seat, hastily pulled off her gloves and drew a ring from her finger, then, after a moment's hesitation, replaced it and turned. The artist was standing alone, his friend having strolled to another part of the room. She lifted tranquil eyes.

"I will accept your kind invitation to dinner with pleasure," she said distinctly. The man, his face flushing, sprang forward.

"You?" he stammered. "You?"

"But we will have to go at once, for I must not be out late," she went on calmly. With an effort the man pulled himself together.

"I am indeed honored," he said, with a bend of his head.

As in a dream he led the way from the building, the girl talking unconcernedly as though it were the most natural thing in the world, and it was not until they were seated at a little table overlooking the busy Strand that he dared draw a long breath. Would she vanish away? The girl leaned back and looked at him.

"And will you please tell me why you did it," she asked—"why you painted my picture in the first place and why you exhibited it in the second?"

His face clouded.

"I hope you are not vexed. But I could not help painting it. To me last summer you seemed the very spirit and incarnation of youth and joyousness. And then, in fear and trembling, I sent it in, hoping, fearing, longing that through it and somehow I might find a clew, a trace. Judge, then, of my joy when it was accepted. And was I not right?" he cried triumphantly. "Are we not here together?"

The girl was again slowly pulling off her gloves; his eyes, following her movements, fell upon her left third finger, with its single diamond. The girl nodded.

"Yes," she said, "it's an engagement ring, but because I was interested in the picture I came. It is not likely that we shall ever meet again, so for tonight let us be friends. Tell me all about yourself, your ambitions, your plans," watching him with bright, sympathetic eyes. "I will be glad to listen."

Doninthorne sighed.

"There is not much to tell. I have worked and studied and succeeded a bit, as you see, and now I have managed to get to London. Since the finishing of the portrait I have been toiling over studies for the competition under Sir Anthony Frewell. This morning I was most keen about it; now"— his gaze again resting upon her ring. The girl's eyes widened.

"Sir Anthony Frewell! You mean the president of the academy?"

"Yes. I am asked to a big reception there tomorrow night, but I doubt if I go. I am not much in the society line. Now I have told you all. Will you not in return give me some knowledge of yourself?" he begged. The girl hesitated.

"I—I am a very unimportant person. I am sort of a companion—yes, companion—to an elderly gentleman, and—and I do not know when I shall be married," glancing at the ring. "It is because the gentleman is dining out that I am free tonight. So do let us enjoy it. Ah, here comes our dinner. You will have soup?"

The long English twilight was still lingering when the two issued from the restaurant. The artist, at her request for a hansom, drew his breath sharply.

"And am I really never to see you again?" he demanded. The girl lifted uncertain eyes.

"Is it not best?" she asked. And after a moment he answered to their mute appeal.

"You are right. It is best," he said steadily. The girl's face cleared.

"And—and you will go on and work, make yourself famous," she insisted. "Attend Sir Anthony Frewell's reception tomorrow night."

"If you wish it. And now goodby. Give the man your own address. I will not listen. And if ever I do accomplish anything remember that it is first of all due to you. Goodby."

As Doninthorne next evening entered Sir Anthony Frewell's house the blaze of lights and sounds of music fairly dazzled him. At the announcement of his name the "R. A." shook him warmly by the hand.

"I am glad to meet you," exclaimed the great man cordially. "Your work shows remarkable promise, and I think it likely—yes, very likely—that yours may be the prize design in our competition. My little daughter tells me that she has already met you," he continued. "She is not 'out' yet, but begged so hard to be allowed down tonight that I finally consented. You know, these motherless girls usually have their own way," with a smile.

But the artist hardly heard. He was watching a girl, the back of whose head looked oddly familiar. As if conscious of his gaze, she turned, then came slowly forward. Sir Anthony patted her hand.

"This is my madcap, and she does not deserve to be here after the naughty way in which she ran off from poor Miss Finch yesterday."

The girl, her mouth curling mischievously, glanced up at the artist.

"I certainly played truant," she admitted. "Come, Mr. Doninthorne, can I not present you to some of these pretty girls?"

Doninthorne, doggedly persistent, drew her into the conservatory.

"Why—why did you do it?" he demanded. Miss Frewell laughed.

"Because I pleased and because—I knew you all the time and—and wanted to see if I would like you."

"And you decided"—coming dangerously close. The girl's breath quickened.

"I—I haven't decided yet," she responded lamely. Doninthorne, touching the now ringless hand only half concealed by its lace mitt, gazed intently.

"And this?"

She had the grace to flush.

"That was my chaperon. It is an engagement ring my mother's, which I always wear, though not always on that hand."

Doninthorne's clasp tightened.

"Ah, and when you have decided about me, when the success that seems about to be achieved shall have definitely crowned my work, may I, dare I, hope that you will wear another ring—mine?" He was holding both hands now unrebuked and bent lower to catch her answer. "May I put one on the proper finger, dear?" The girl, her lashes fluttering, dropped her head.

"Perhaps some day," she whispered.

Dining With John Adams.

In the year 1818 Henry Bradshaw Pearson, an Englishman, dined with John Adams, second president of the United States, at the Boston home of the fine old statesman, then eighty-four years old. The Sunday dinner was as follows: First course, a pudding made of Indian corn, molasses and butter; second, veal, bacon, neck of mutton, potatoes, cabbages, carrots and Indian beans; madeira wine, of which each drank two glasses. "We sat down to dinner at 1 o'clock. At 2 nearly all went a second time to church. For tea—we had pound cake, sweet bread and butter and bread made of Indian corn and rye. Tea was brought from the kitchen and handed round by a neat white servant girl." Pearson says further: "The establishment of this political patriarch consists of a house two stories high, containing, I believe, eight rooms, of two men and three maid servants, three horses and a plain carriage."

An Ancient Irish Custom.

In the district known as "the barony of Forth," in County Wexford, Ireland, is to be found a race of hardworking, industrious peasants, living in thatched cottages with clean, whitewashed walls, which by their perfect whiteness at once arrest the attention of the visitor. These people differ in many respects from the inhabitants of the other parts of the same county and have habits and customs peculiar to themselves. When a funeral takes place two wooden crosses are provided. On the way to the cemetery a halt is made at a certain spot by the side of the road. Here prayers are said for the deceased, after which one cross is deposited in a hawthorn bush or under it. The procession then goes on its way, and after the interment the other cross is fixed at the head of the grave. This strange custom dates from time immemorial, as the great pile of crosses by the roadside indicates.

MAD KING LUDWIG.

He Was a Patron of Wagner and a Hater of All Women.

King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, the "mad king," was a patron of Wagner and a hater of all women. Fitzgerald Molloy in his "Romance of Royalty" tells an amusing story of Ludwig's peculiarities: "At times the king summoned opera singers to the palace. These it was his pleasure to listen to as he glided noiselessly over the lake in the winter garden which he had constructed on the top of the royal residence in Munich. This garden was so large that it extended along the whole length of the west wing of the palace. Its splendor and its perfume made it seem an enchanted place. Countless roses hung from its high arched roof. Thousands of lights glowed softly from under the leaves of palms, plantains and other tropical trees. From its blossoming shrubberies rose the slender minarets and glittering cupolas of kiosks. Parrakeets flew from branch to branch; waterfalls splashed musically; on the walls views of the Himalaya mountains were painted so skilfully as to give an impression of space and distance. The waters of the lake were colored blue and scented with violets, while its banks were covered with hyacinths and orchids.

"Here, in a golden boat shaped like that in which Lohengrin appears and propelled by a mechanical swan, his majesty, clad in silver armor like an enchanted knight, spent the hours when the world slept, listening to stringed instruments or to singers concealed behind foliage. He was silent, solitary, dreaming, like the pale dwellers in lotus land. Here Wagner was occasionally permitted to bear his majesty company, a favor once extended to Fräulein Scheffzky, an opera singer, whose superb voice had won his enthusiastic admiration. Unwilling that this should be limited to her voice, the lady sent him verses hinting of her ardent love and made him presents that he accepted on condition that he paid for them—an arrangement that allowed her to reap considerable profit, as she charged him three times their cost, until an exorbitant demand for some gift awoke his secretary's suspicion and led to the discovery and the dismissal of the trencher from royal favor.

"One evening she was invited to sit with him and Wagner in the boat. It seemed to her that she had reached the highest place in his favor. Therefore, in a moment of elation and feeling her song, while the swan noiselessly drew them through the lake filled perfumed water and his majesty, lost in reverie, stared into space, the lady leaned forward and gently passed her fingers through his hair. Shocked and disgusted by such familiarity, he pushed her away so roughly that the boat upset and flung all three into the lake. The king clambered up the bank and strode away without turning to see what became of his companions, and the prima donna, drenched and disillusioned, was rescued by the composer with the assistance of a boathook."

Apple Acids.

The acids of the apple are of singular use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which if retained would make the brain heavy and dull or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to the custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and other like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates by the chemical action of the stomach juices, which tend to counteract acidity.

Monkeys in Captivity.

"To see monkeys kept in a cage is to me a pitiful and saddening exhibition," says an English writer. "The little caricatures of humanity in my possession are let out of their houses in the morning and allowed to play and gambol about the grounds during the daytime to their hearts' content. Those who have seen monkeys only in cages can form but a faint idea of the joyousness of the happy little creatures as they bound from tree to tree in the enjoyment of their freedom. At evening time they all return to their house without giving any trouble.

"Monkeys, like most wild animals, are very shy before strangers, and if a visitor happens to arrive who is unknown to them they keep perfectly still and hide themselves so well among the foliage that the stranger could not realize that he was being watched by several pairs of the sharpest little eyes imaginable."

The Pygmies of Spain.

As might have been expected, the dwarf race of Morocco and the Atlas has been traced to Europe, and fairly pure types are found in Spain, especially in the province of Gerona. These people are only three feet seven inches to three feet nine inches high and are otherwise characterized by a yellow skin, broad, square face, Mongolian eyes and red hair of a wooly texture. Specimens of them are occasionally to be seen in the markets of Salamanca, and there is said to be a number in the Col de Tosas and the valley of Ribas, several hours by rail from Toulouse. It is not improbable that the Mongolian eye, which is observed in a small percentage of Welsh and English people, is derived by inheritance from the Iberian pygmies or a common ancestry.

When the Mist Cleared

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

Isabel had known that the meeting with him would be a shock, but she had trusted to the hope that, being forewarned, she would also be forearmed. And she felt helplessly furious to realize that she had grown cold and white the instant he stood before her.

She had been crossing to the parlor from the dining room after luncheon when Roy Cameron had come along the hall.

"Isabel!" he exclaimed, his voice low and significant. "Isabel!"

She was more beautiful than the girl he had wooed. She had bloomed out in the atmosphere of luxury and in the assured social position that had come to her with her marriage. And he found this new charm immensely attractive. He rejoiced that the hand she gave him an instant trembled in his own. But his eyes, that dwelt as if in fascination upon her face, were dark with unutterable reproach.

Her first words were piteously defensive.

"It was all in the papers," she faltered. "Every one believed it. Your own mother accepted the news of your death as true."

"I wish to God that it had been!" he said passionately. "When later I read of your marriage—well, I hated those who pulled the Spanish knife out of my side!"

She shuddered, her sweet lips paling.

"But you look quite well; quite like your old self," she said anxiously.

"Oh, I got over that hurt all right. It's the other I can't get over. Put on your hat and come down on the beach, Isabel—that is, if your husband doesn't object," he added, with a slight sarcastic curl of his handsome lip.

She drew herself up proudly.

"My husband," she said coldly, "objects to nothing that I do. I will go with you for a short walk."

And she told herself the while she flung on her golf cape and crushed a little scarlet Tam o' Shanter down on her dark hair with hands that still shook that this was the only time she would speak with him alone. She owed him an explanation, and he should have it. He must not be permitted to construe her emotion at sight of him into belief that she still harbored a romantic attachment toward him.

* * * * * * *

Towering cliffs hid them from the sprawling fashionable town. The roar of the surf came up to them in a low, booming thunderous monotone. Ahead, behind, over the vistas of sand and vast surges of the ocean, hung a fog, dense, illusory, silvery, mysterious. In its rifts phantom ships were visible, dipping and courtesying on their noiseless course.

"It's all very harmonious," said Roy Cameron grimly. "Might have been made to order as a setting for our little comedy, eh? Nothing around us but vague obscurity—and we three the most hopeless of all the ghosts that walk!"

"We—three!" she repeated, not comprehending.

"You and I—and the ghost of our vanished happiness!" he said.

"Oh!" she murmured. Then for a little while they walked on in silence.

"Isabel," he asked suddenly, bending forward to look into her averted face, "why did you marry that rich man?"

Her wifely pride rose instantly in arms at the insinuation.

"You speak as though Robert Graeme were a rich man only," she said indignantly. "He is a good man—a wise and honorable man."

"But you did not love him," Cameron went on mercilessly. "And you were engaged to me."

"They told me you were dead in the Philippines!" she burst out, harassed and eager to have the talk over. "My brother Frank was in tremendous monetary difficulties. There was disgrace of some sort ahead for him." Mother was breaking her heart over the whole matter. And then—then Robert asked me to be his wife. I knew he could fix up everything. Besides, I was very fond of him. I always admired him very much!" she ended defiantly.

"Ah!" he said quietly—too quietly. "That was the way, was it?"

They had walked rapidly, quite outstripping all the others sauntering in the same direction. Isabel was breathless from haste. The hulk of an old boat drawn high on the beach offered shelter from the rising wind and the too insistent clamor of the waves. Mrs. Graeme sat down on an embankment of sand some children had made in the shadow of the boat.

"I shall rest a few minutes. Then we will go back," she said.

She was wholly unprepared for the violence with which he broke into speech.

"Back! You would go back to him? When it is I, Isabel—I, who have the best, first, real right to you! If it were not for that accursed blunder about my death you would have been waiting for me still."

White, stricken, shocked, she sat there while he raved on. She had never imagined such madness nor such selfishness, for it was all of himself he spoke—all for himself he cared. He would miss her so. He had great possibilities, which only she could inspire. If she would only go away for awhile—let Graeme get a divorce for desertion! Then they could be married and leave this part of the world. He knew of a good opening in Havana. His love should make recompense to her—

She found her voice there.

"Love!" she repeated. "Love!" And he quailed a little before the grave scorn in her eyes.

"You would have me break my pledged vows, degrade my loyalty, bankrupt my life—for what?" She paused, shaken by the revulsion of feeling that overwhelmed her. Was this her ideal lover? Was this man—peevish, passionate, wearisomely persistent—the hero she had enshrined in her heart?

"Oh, hush!" she said brokenly. "Hush!"

He thought she spoke thus because of the approach of others. Two men were leaning against the bulk of the boat on the farther side. But it was only after she had spoken that she recognized her husband's voice.

"If it were not for a certain knowledge I possessed, Travis," he was saying, "I would not have urged the child to be my wife, long and dearly though I had loved her. It was not even that I could help her family out of a dire difficulty were I one of them nor yet wholly because I was aware of the unstable character of the man for whom she had, I understood, a girlish preference. It was chiefly because I knew I could not live long. I've heart trouble—of an incurable kind, my doctors tell me. She does not suspect, of course. She is all that is sweet and pure and womanly. But it does me good to know that one of these days when she is free again she will have the protection of my name, even though I am no longer with her. She will be still a young and beautiful woman and a very wealthy one. You understand, I am only telling this to you in confidence, because you are such an old friend, and I could not bear to have you doubt my motives. Shall we walk on?"

They went back toward the town, oblivious of the two in the shadow of the boat.

Isabel rose quickly and looked out over the tumultuous waste of waters. A fluctuant color was hot in her cheek. Her eyes were full of a brooding brilliance Cameron had never seen in them before.

"You heard?" she asked him. "You knew that was my husband who spoke?"

He nodded, misunderstanding her emotion. "If what he said is true, Isabel, I—will wait."

She flared out on him then. He would wait. He was not fit to brush the shoes of that other man whom he flouted! That other with which she honored—whom she loved! She spoke in no uncertain terms. He quivered with the inherited sting of her disdain. But he understood at last. And when she had flung away from him and was walking rapidly back alone he followed and caught up with her.

"I'll go away tonight. Forgive me if you can. See, the mist is clearing off."

The silvery veil was rolling up like a scroll from the tossing, peevish billows, and the sun was shining forth, dazzling, resplendent.

"The mist has quite cleared," she said. And then lower, "Thank God!"

That night Robert Graeme, marveling at her greater gentleness of words, the new tenderness of her smile, thrilled to think that perhaps his one wild dream was coming true after all, and that he might win the love he so craved.

"Dear," she said to him, "it is such a beautiful world. I am finding out that—I am happy!"

He bowed his head over her hand that she might not see the rapture in his eyes. And both found the silence sweet.

New York Tenements.

"It is surprising how many New Yorkers there are who do not know that they are living in tenement houses," said one of the inspectors of the tenement house commission. "I went into a tenement house in lower Lexington avenue on an official visit to inspect the plumbing. It is one of the old houses of the downtown district and not a tenement in anything but the official wording of the law.

"'I want to inspect this tenement,' I said to the woman who came to the door of the second floor apartment.

"'What did you call it?' she demanded severely.

"'I'm a tenement house inspector,' I explained, 'and the law says'—

"She did not let me get any further, but burst in with 'I'd have you know this is not a tenement. It's a respectable apartment house.'

"I knew my duty, and I had a look at the plumbing in spite of her protests. Finally, against her will, she was convinced that it really was a tenement house under the law.

"'Well, just wait till my husband comes home,' she declared. 'We'll have to move. Just think if it ever got out that we were living in a tenement house and had to be inspected!'"—New York Tribune.

The Seasons.

An east side educational worker who is teaching in a night school for newly arrived Russian Jews was remarking on the difficulties of grounding them in English studies.

"Some of them come to us with the barest smattering of English words," he said, "and no knowledge of American customs except the few ideas they have picked up since landing. I was trying to teach a small class the seasons of the year the other day. For a time they did not seem to understand what I was driving at. Then the light broke over the face of one young fellow.

"'I know seasons,' he declared.

"'How many seasons are there in the year?' I asked.

"'One, two,' was the unexpected answer.

"'What are they?' I asked.

"'Busy season and slow season,' came the answer, quite promptly.

"That young man will have a savings bank account before he has been here six months."—New York Tribune.

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The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling; no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

PREYER'S PREDICAMENT.

A Ludicrous Incident in the Life of the Famous Painter.

John W. Preyer, the famous painter of still life, was a remarkably small specimen of the genus homo, differing, however, from ordinary dwarfs in the symmetry and exact proportion of all the parts of his diminutive frame. When between twenty and thirty years of age his fresh, ruddy and beardless face and the shrill and boyish tone of his voice caused people to take him for a child of about eight at the most. This illusion was still further heightened by his dress, a short black velvet jacket with a large turndown collar, over which his smoothly parted hair hung in thick clusters. When about this age Preyer paid a visit to Munich in order to inspect the art treasures in that city and also to visit his old patron, Master Cornelius, a former president of the Dusseldorf academy. When Preyer called at the house of the latter he had gone out, and the servant who had answered the door ran to tell her mistress that a little boy was waiting outside to see the master. The lady went to speak to the visitor.

"What is it you want, my child?" she asked the painter, who at the approach of the lady took off his velvet cap and made a deep bow, saying in a shrill voice:

"I wish to speak to Mr. Cornelius."

"He is not at home at present, but if you will step inside you can wait for him. He will not be long."

So saying, she took the little fellow into the parlor and offered him a stool to sit on. In a short time the fair hostess became quite charmed with her youthful visitor, and at last she lifted him on her lap and listened with intense delight to the innocent prattle of the clever "child." Suddenly the door opened, and Cornelius himself appeared. Taking in the situation at a glance, he cried:

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Preyer. How on earth did you get here?"

"Mr. Preyer!" And with a shriek Mrs. Cornelius jumped up, tumbled Preyer on the floor and fled into the next room, while Cornelius and Preyer, after the latter had picked himself up again, laughed till the tears streamed down their cheeks. The former had some difficulty in getting his wife to come back again. At last she mustered sufficient courage to allow herself to be formally introduced to the strange visitor, who was retained as a guest to dinner, over which the amiable hostess presently regained her former self possession.

Mistakes In Stamps.

By a simple error in the printing of a set of stamps the value is enormously increased to collectors. A short time ago a Dutch stamp was printed yellow instead of blue. A week later these stamps were sold at a great premium. A New Zealand stamp some years ago was printed upside down, and it is now worth a large sum. Among English stamps the old red penny, with the plate No. 255, is valued by collectors, and the small pink halfpenny, with plate No. 9, is not worth less than $20. It is said that the plate of the latter was broken soon after it came into use and was never replaced; hence the value of the few stamps printed from it. It is always a question with amateurs whether to buy their stamps used or unused. But it is safe on a great occasion, such as a jubilee or exposition year, to buy them with the postmark.

To Work Is Honorable.

There has existed and still exists to some extent a false sentiment that labor is degrading or belittling. The contrary is true. An ideal condition of society can come only when every member of it recognizes that he is bound to exercise whatever skill or strength or faculty he possesses to its full capacity not selfishly or for the sake of gain merely, but for his own happiness and development and for the benefit of all. And there should be no restriction on any one, either legal or social or through association, in regard to his labor or its fruits. If by patient application or natural endowment a man possesses more skill than his fellow or if he chooses to be more industrious he is entitled to the full benefit of it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Wonderful Memory.

Some years ago there was a strolling player at Edinburgh of the name of William Lyon, who had a most astonishing memory. He one evening made a bet of a bowl of punch that he would at the rehearsal next morning repeat the whole of the Daily Advertiser from beginning to end. Being called on the next day, he handed the newspaper to a gentleman present to see that he repeated every word correctly. This task he accomplished without making the slightest error, through all the varieties of advertisements, price of stocks, accidents, etc.

Nothing Doing.

"Dear," said the poet's wife, noticing his abstracted look, "you are worried about something."

"Well—er—yes," replied the poet.

"Tell me. What have you on your mind?"

"Nothing. That's what worries me."—Exchange.

Prediction Fulfilled.

Farmer Whiffletree—Bill Perkins' son Dan has got a political job. Farmer Medders—Gosh. I allers said that feller 'd grow up ter be a loafer!—Puck.

Helping the Cook.

Boarding Mistress—What are those boarders grumbling about now? Servant—They're roasting the beef.—New York Press.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—Holmes.

EMIL THAMM,

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DEEP SEA CURRENTS

THE GULF STREAM AND ITS COURSE THROUGH THE OCEAN.

Many Irregularities Are Known to Occur In Both the Direction and In the Velocity of This Peculiar River of the Atlantic.

Seamen sometimes seem to forget that even the most permanent of ocean currents are occasionally driven out of their usual track by a succession of strong winds from one direction, and the fairy tales with respect to the alleged vagaries of the gulf stream told so frequently only tend to show that navigators rather too frequently regard that river in the ocean as not less firmly fixed in velocity and direction than if it were flowing to the sea between banks formed by the solid earth of our planet. As a matter of fact, ever since the gulf stream was first discovered about four centuries ago it was recognized by thoughtful navigators that fixity of tenure did not and could not hold for that vast body of relatively warm water cushioned off from the Atlantic coast of America by the colder waters of the Labrador current even as far toward the equator as Florida. Were it not for the gulf stream, or, more accurately, the eastern extension thereof, the average air temperature in the winter would be not less than 20 degrees below the freezing point of water on a Fahrenheit thermometer registered at the Shetland Islands. As matters stand the presence of the relatively cold current from the Arctic washing our shores, inside of the warmer gulf stream, closes up the harbors of Newfoundland at the same time as the gulf stream extension is keeping the Norwegian coast clear of ice even as far to the northward as the North cape. To put it another way, St. John's, N. F., is sometimes closed with ice even as late in the year as June, while Liverpool, which is 2 degrees farther to the north, has never been in that condition since the glacial epoch.

In fact, it has been seriously suggested that by diverting the course of the gulf stream into the Pacific through the narrow neck of land joining the two Americas, it would be quite possible to freeze out a considerable portion of Europe. The cool Labrador current setting southward from the icy regions adjacent to the north pole impinges with greater velocity than usual upon the northern margin of the gulf stream in certain years. Cyclonic storms traveling up from the southward deflect it also, and consequently the gulf stream, although probably the most permanent of all the great ocean currents, is not invariable either in velocity or in direction. Generally speaking, this ocean river in the lower latitudes of the Atlantic is driven westward by the prevailing easterly winds acting upon the sea surface until the western side of the gulf of Mexico is attained. Thence it follows the land till an outlet is found through the strait of Florida, which, being both narrow and shallow, causes the velocity of the current to increase. Thence it sweeps northeastward outside of the Labrador cool current hugging the coast until the banks of Newfoundland are reached. About there the gulf stream proper is said to lose its identity as such, but the warm waters thereof are driven by the prevailing westerly winds toward the United Kingdom, Norway and even Spitzbergen. Many irregularities are known to occur in both the direction and the velocity of the gulf stream from time to time, consequent on wind changes and variations in barometric pressure.

Prior to the age of chronometers most extravagant views were put forward by navigators and others in a hurry to the effect that by the aid of an ordinary thermometer the longitude could be accurately determined if the shipmaster would but trouble to take a series of sea surface temperatures when in the vicinity of the gulf stream. Similarly the sea surface temperature was regarded in about the same geographical position as an infallible guide to the proximity of ice. Neither inference is true. High temperature indicates tropical origin and low temperature indicates polar origin generally speaking, but beyond this it is dangerous to predicate. The relatively warm water may be in a very abnormal position for the period of the year owing to natural causes, and a fall of 25 degress Fahrenheit is sometimes experienced in a short ship's length on the mingling places of the warm gulf stream and cold Labrador current on a beautifully clear day without the slightest sign of ice of any kind above the boundary line of sea and sky. Many a sailing ship, after vainly trying to reach New York, has got badly iced up and run to the warmer waters of the gulf stream to thaw out both her crew and her gear, but neither the longitude nor the presence of ice can be rightly determined solely by the aid of sea surface temperatures. Nevertheless the use of the sea surface thermometer is not to be despised, because it is undoubtedly of approximate assistance in defining a ship's geographical position. The line of separation of the two currents, the cool Labrador and the warm gulf stream, is often noticeable either by the vivid blue of the salter gulf stream in close proximity to the green color of the fresher Labrador current or by the ripple on the margin. It is said that a blockade runner from Wilmington, N. C., when chased by a Federal cruiser, managed to escape by the observation of this friendly ripple. The blockade runner edged into the current more favorable for her, while the cruiser kept in the adverse current and lost the prize.—American Syren and Shipping.

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tourist car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Send for us right away and have us go over your house. We will put the plumbing in apple pie order. We will do it quickly too and keep out of the way of the women folks as much as possible. What did you say your number was?

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DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 80, February Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lesser H. Cohn did, on the 5th day of January, 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ida K. Cohn.

We therefore command you, the said Ida K. Cohn, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Lesser H. Cohn, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lesser H. Cohn your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff
Smethport, Pa., November, 15th, 1904.
Berry & Edgett, Libellant's Attorneys.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrator, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1904:

First and partial account of John S. Collins, administrator of the estate of Delia Collins, deceased.

First and final account of August Mellander, administrator of the estate of Carl Edward Poole, deceased.

First and final account of Inga M. Lilgendahl and Ralph E. Burdick, administrators of the estate of Charles W. Lilgendahl, deceased.

First and final account of William J. Hogan, executor of the last Will and Testament of Edward Ryan, deceased.

First and final account of Gurdon Williams, guardian of Nellie Mae Conver, minor child of Alfred W. Conver, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of George M. Hickman, guardian of William W. Benedict, minor child of Edwin E. Benedict, deceased.

First and final account of S. H. Smith, administrator c. t. a. of the estate of Emma Beam, deceased.

First and final account of Etta Swertfeger, administratrix of the estate of Henry Swertfeger, deceased.

First and final account of Myra E. Whitney, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Henry P. Whitney, deceased.

First and final account of John Mell and Johanna Mell, administrators of the estate of Swan Peterson, deceased.

JOHN S. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., November 12, 1904.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1904,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, fronting 65 feet front on Jefferson street in said City, and known and described as Lot No. 101 according to the Jefferson Street Paving assessment map made by the city engineers of the City of Bradford and filed on record in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, February 8th, 1898, in Deed Book, Vol. 168, page 560.

Improved and having thereon a two story frame building used as a store and dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. H. Hallicy at the suit of the City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1904.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 25, June Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Helen Mae Van Sickles did, on the 25th day of February, 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Lell Van Sickles.

We therefore command you, the said Dell Van Sickles, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Helen Mae Van Sickles and show cause, if any you have, why the said Helen Mae Van Sickles, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., November 18th, 1904.
John N. Apple, Libellant's Attorney.

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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